

35

jubilat

CYNTHIA ARRIEU-KING
PAOLA CAPÓ-GARCÍA
KATE COLBY
JOAN MANUEL CORCINO FONT
EMILY KENDAL FREY
JOHN GOODHUE
ANNA MARIA HONG
VALERIE HSIUNG
ELAINE JOHANSON
JENNA LE
MARK LEIDNER
KATE LINDROOS
KRISTI MAXWELL
FRANCESCA NORMILE
BEN PEASE
ROSAMOND PURCELL
BIN RAMKE
SRIKANTH REDDY
ANDREA REXILIUS
TARIQ SHAH
LEIGH SUGAR
PAIGE TAGGART
JAMES TATE
BRAD TRUMPFHELLER
LINDSAY TURNER
CLAY VENTRE
GREY VILD
DEVON WALKER-FIGUEROA
ANDREW ZAWACKI

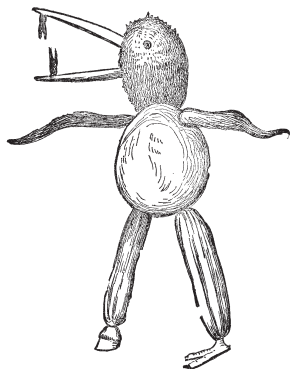
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jubilat publishes twice yearly at the
University of Massachusetts Amherst

Business & Editorial Address:

jubilat

South College W342

150 Hicks Way

University of Massachusetts

Amherst, MA 01003-9269

Subscriptions:

Individuals

\$20 per year or \$35 for two years

Institutions

\$30 per year or \$55 for two years

Single issues are available for \$10

Add \$10 per year for international subscriptions

Distributed by Ingram and Ubiquity.

jubilat is funded by private donations and
the University of Massachusetts Amherst
College of Humanities and Fine Arts.

Submissions via Submittable or
contact us at jubilat@gmail.com

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ISSN: 1529-0999

Printed in Massachusetts



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THE PUBLIC DOMAIN REVIEW)

COVER ART: ROSAMOND PURCELL

DOOR TO A FOREST

Cynthia Arrieu-King

How jalapeños feel in your mouth after they've softened in the pan. That green peppers softened the same way are *almost* but not the same in your mouth. You try to invent a new recipe but the flavor of bamboo, green pepper, pork, tofu gan that your old Chinese blah blah blah made, scent creeping upstairs as you hashed out math symbols: This all forms nostalgia in front of your face. You start the thought again. Soft green plus a different soft green. You start again. Something clear as vodka or bells. Egg cooked with sesame, chili oil, seeds all settled with salt. This may not be available as you become more elderly. You try to cut nostalgia at the roots. All these years, you've been sequencing and gathering. These green thoughts steep into a real forest. You step behind the house you live in inside your mind. Over the course of nights, people meet you there as if they are simply living on the other side of a curtain. People so real you picture them or know there's something you forgot to tell them after another day of IRL. There's not really time for this, you can barely live the waking life. But there it is, your life each night when you dream, or whatever is happening that allows you to meet the leaves cool on your face, something not alive and not dead that you've walked through for ages.

ABSENCE

The sun streamed strongly into the room from somewhere but I was haunting it from the attic hatch in the ceiling. I kept seeing myself down underneath in the bedroom. Moving gold rimmed tea sets. Folding laundry. No matter what I did I couldn't quite make eye contact with the me living below. I tried to get my own attention. I put on a green corduroy dress that was my favorite color, rotting boots like dirt, I traded my hair in for fire, I took my face out so there was nothing there, and below, other me was witless, looking to the left and right. Attic me was scaring the crap out of real life living room me. But real life me could never actually catch a glimpse of ghost me, no matter how hard I whipped around, I only ever caught the edge of flames or the window of nothing where the face had been. What had I done with my life to make my future dead self so profesh at menace? Guests sipped tea, nodded, pretended to believe that I was being haunted. I wanted to reach down from the attic and steal something from me as proof. The way you might steal a cardigan from a sibling thinking *it's wasted on her, it would look better on me*—it's wasted on me, I mean—this world/this I that I/that the rest of us kept using so poorly.

CITY OF PURPLE FIRE

A man walks down the street. He's the factory man, the co-workers hail him into the warehouse, but he's also the man you used to love in real life. You're in the middle of measuring carpentry. Bricks piled everywhere. You shake his hand, fake a work face. You wake up, realize your love for him was a snow postcard of him, some fever to cook to, an opera to blast over whatever disappointed. The next night you dream he and you drink cola together on break. You're both speechless from the tension. The night after that, you see in his glasses the city on fire, purple animé fire, it's the fire your blood is turning into, and this is stupid funny. The fourth night you dream that you and he agree to a date. At work IRL, you feel like you're supposed to text him. You walk down the hall and while people tell you things, dream and reality fold their laundry together. You'd actually told your friend last month how funny it is you don't care about him anymore. The feeling just burned away. And the fifth night, you dream you're in dark room of books, the outside world is bright, you finally finished putting the walls together. You watch the street, he comes in the room to face you, it might be a library or a set for a library. He leans in with his glasses on, you see the purple fire flames. He backs his head up, and then so he can kiss you, he takes the glasses off.

WHAT ABOUT

Paola Capó-García

“What about anonymity?”

—Kate Greenstreet

But what about time?

What about its stickiness?

What about that time you understood something?

What about anonymity bothers you?

What about a far-off land?

What about the contemporary world?

What about it being beside you?

What about the parts that make you whole?

What about the parts made you love them?

What about a portion of love?

What about the desire to confront?

What about the stronger desire not to?

What about this overgrown plot?

What about this gnawing?

ALMOST PARADISE

Kate Colby

As an arrow pushed from
the barrel of its trajectory,
I run into you like the sea
it leads up to—always
swim further than
I can return from.
A fishing boat sees,
plucks up and drops
me at your feet,
presumed dead.
You're alive!
Repeat.
My everyday after-
life is a circle
that describes it.

THREE-WAY MIRROR

Light out into
kind of dark
I can't see
by rattle of
frazzled filament.
Bulb's still good
if useless (broken
habit of itself),
an empty frame
to not illuminate
the deepest niche
I can think of.

*

A two-way mirror
is a one-way window.
A two-way window
is the opposite
if it's dark
on one side.
What we think of
as our openings
are also how we close.
I see myself breaking
through a porthole.

*

Lush dark, picked stars
a sieve the sky
strains through.
What I would push back into you
through teeth, salt and seasons,
a parking lot puddle
light gathers up
the cost of having seen it.



ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL (FAR RIGHT IN PHOTO) AND HIS ASSISTANTS OBSERVING THE PROGRESS OF ONE OF HIS TETRAHEDRAL KITES, 1908.

CANDURA

Joan Manuel Corcino Font

Despierta un poco y mira
el mundo que se va arruinando.

Burla tus ojos con el aire hasta
que sean propiedad del sueño vivo.

Ocupa con nitidez la cama con una llave.

Todo lo que te rodea te pertenece.
Nada que te pertenece desaparecerá.

CANDOR

Begin to wake and see
the world continuing its ruin.

Let the air trick your eyes until
they belong to a living dream.

Neatly occupy your bed with a key.

All that surrounds you belongs to you.
Nothing that belongs to you will disappear.

A PROPÓSITO DE LOS OJOS

Ser es ser percibido por los dioses
que observan los mares dilatados
y les dan nombres de espejo.

ON THE SUBJECT OF EYES

To be is to be seen by the gods
who observe the dilating seas
and give them the names of mirrors.

DESNUDO #10

PARA ~~MI~~ MÍ

Estás perdido en este gran reto.
~~Tu meta es que la palabra esté en ti.~~
~~Tu voz es un cetáceo que grita~~
~~en un océano ciego de fantasmas~~
~~que sólo es ese espacio oscuro:~~

Allí nada se ve:
Allí nada se palpa:
Allí——se sobrevive si logras masticar:

Tu meta en mí es la palabra
y estás perdido en este gran reto:

NUDE #10

FOR ME ME

You are lost in this great trial.
Your aim is that the word be in you.
Your voice is a shrieking crustacean
in an ocean blind with ghosts;
which is only that dark space.

There, nothing can be seen.
There, nothing can be felt.
There—to survive you must grind your teeth.

Your worth in me is the word
and you are lost in this great trial.

PRÓLOGO

Desde hace algunos años,
cada vez que me encuentro
cada vez más sombrío alrededor de la boca;

encuentro una pausa.

Es hora de adentrarme
en esta travesía sin fin
en busca de puertos,
siguiendo siempre la voz de la ballena,
como un viejo demente
que ve la furia en la armonía del agua.

PROLOGUE

For some years now
each time I find myself
each time more somber around the mouth;

I find a pause.

It's time to launch myself
into this endless crossing
in search of harbors,
following always the whale's voice
like an old demented man
who sees fury in the water's calm.

Translated from the Spanish by Lauren Shapiro

WHEN I DIE PLEASE

Emily Kendal Frey

say how I slept not well and then in oyster-y blurbs, say how I burned you next to me. Say there were lines smashing. Tell the story of my body in every room of the house. Don't leave out my irreverence. Or my invisibility. Say how I took the stage and shook. Tell them how dreams gummed my galaxy. Say that I drank too much and couldn't take no for an answer. That my hair was thick as a wig. That I screamed, had red cheeks, that I peed the bed, that I was a sleepwalker. Let them know that a brimming heart can drown. That I washed out goodwill. That my disappointment could fill a room with blood, choke everyone. Remind them about my sideways mouth. That I interrupted but concisely. Cried cucumber water. Show them the branch where I. The strawberries of my. Baby teeth scattered. The big horizon love. The bitter holes. The many ways I almost. The deep lake laugh. Say what you saw while I couldn't, head down in the. The time in my eyes. Don't make me one or a thousand. Don't feel you can't say it. You can. Be there with me as I was and am.

TO BE KNOWN BY YOUR MYSTERY

You tune in to all of the near-miss car accidents

Happening

You're baby in a shell

Again

Things continue, like nuns

Someone ignores you at the coffee shop

You can feel yourself

Gathering opinions

Affixing a fear

To an acquaintance

Nobody deserves it

Your judgment

A garden of ice

The sun is hitting the steps

In a way you like

So for a minute you forget

Your death

Poppy seeds in a bowl of honey

from JOHNNY

John Goodhue

Just after that
The wind blew any way it did
To who did what did

With a toss of clocks gone rung ringing
One day
Down the walk
Was what made a fig of us all

We finished off the tonic all of us & had the god gene
In us
Once

The world made its beginning in a yard big as a loaf & dark
Like newborn eyes

Johnny'd saw the oddest loop of light there was

To see
Out there

In the sun-bruised vine

Humming more than a split-in-half man
A worker got put in by the rig & opened like a flue

Like thunder
Another we threw from the pew who landed certain
In the rutabaga
Saying pity comes a wind putting even the lord to shame

Near the pot
Within
We knew time like an ill child knows

We'd known it like it knew need
Elsewhere & elsewhere

There'd been a great distance between Johnny & luck

& mercy was a dim bib

Johnny said
What no one quite knew what was meant

& got it good

All day break there was tinny music
All day break all day

Come in hard from the rig
The moon looked like a dud in space
When it was this long it was tethered like a yolk in the field

Where Johnny had an empty sense of most
The workers would make a rebus
From the vine

They'd shout about a dark city at a great distance
Chugging

Up into the sky

Like the passage of time
There was a storm a bit out

We knew we knew about & who

We'd say well would you look at that
Johnny

Would you look at that
& Johnny'd imagine a wad of figs
Circling like a milk snake

Circling in the pond
Saying there was the circle of the lord
It was the one
Looked like it had good hertz

Johnny was watching it & feeling & feeling
Luck

All the damn night

The moon left
& a bluebird came to Johnny

& made for a bid

It said all good things are already here
In the mud

It made off like thunder
When thunder came
Johnny'd hear the cows moo like that

& said kaput & did his work
Getting a thing to become a losing-blood thing
He was bogus man snaring
& watched rungs of odd big light crib each dark rut

& around the pot
There'd be the living place with its living
& the fig place with its

Figs

Were swelling up where
Clouds were

Like fat black snakes

Meanwhile
Telling the hell out of us

Was Johnny
In the beginning
There was not Johnny but an ersatz of what he'd feel

Searching for the words
For what he felt
Which was loss perfect & silent & loaf-like aside desire
Aside loss

A thief gathered from the pond
The thunder there is in a living skull thinking
Over

What it lacks
There left the moon offering itself

Where what else came was good
Wind was

In the vine was where the workers

Said who's there
At what time it was

Across from that was Johnny & us & a knot of porgies
We knew what we knew was
The soul wanted a good shave & a jig on a night

With no moon
Johnny & us
Would get it good
Who knew good was right

Like a hog runs for ground in the heart
The dwarf was there all day
With the storm coming

All night
He had once the pot going like he did the jig

In the no moon night

Without us knowing it we'd been tied to us by worldless line

And began
Like messages must in smoke

To have died
We knew you had to be
Where another kind of lightning was

In the forever of any space you could count on
We thought we were Johnny
And we'd bring us in like sin saying
When when when

When was time the truth and the truth a splash of blood lost to laughter
After that
The fog lifted almost

By nothing more than the moon so silver and the cows mooing moo
Johnny was too

Much of all of what we knew

Had a clumsy river-like din
Well past its end

HELICONIUS MELPOMENE

Anna Maria Hong

Not the branch but the dismantling. If

I wouldn't have made the journey.

I could have seen the shape of it,

A coiled tongue

for the pleasure of interpolating. A tripod
to offset my wings.

Predator: know my coloring.
I'll follow you to the ends of folly

like venom in
the bloodstream.

When my father was 19, North Korean soldiers invaded the South, descending upon Seoul National University where my father was studying chemistry. The soldiers captured a dozen students and marched them North, my father among them. The soldiers took the students to a mine to do hard manual labor, digging mineral from rock in cold, damp caves, giving them thin bowls of rice and rotten vegetables to eat. After a few weeks of this, my father faked delirium and was sent to the infirmary from which he escaped along with two other young men from the city.

They made their way through the mountain forests to evade recapture by the soldiers roaming the villages. They were making their way South to the newly

formed border partitioning the country, but after a few days of scrabbling through the Woods, they became too hungry, so my father and the other two men entered a village to find food. Approaching a cottage at the edge of the Woods, they were immediately seized by soldiers, two men with guns, almost certainly conscripted into the army by force and their own need to eat in the ravaged land.

The young soldiers asked the first of my father's companions two questions: "Where are you from? And where are you going?"

The first boy answered truthfully: "I'm from Seoul. I want to go to my old parents."

The soldier shot him in the head and asked the second man the same questions.

"Where are you from? Where are you going?"

The second man panicked, also blurting out the truth, shaking, "I want to go South to my wife and sons."

The soldier shot him dead too. When they got to my father, he was ready.

"Where are you from? Where are you going?"

My father imitated a Northern rural accent and said, "I'm just a poor Barber trying to go home. I am starving."

The soldiers let him go. My father made it through the mountains—they had not been far from the border—to the still porous DMZ, to the Southern soldiers who directed him across the border to safety, back to the university, to his father and stepmother, and eventually to America and 63 more years of living. To building an importing-exporting business, becoming an expert in the

crossing of visible and hidden boundaries. To building a family, to destroying both business and family, mourning the loss of the former, ending up with the latter anyway, his devoted wife, my mother, nursing him through two traumatic brain injuries, his sons by his side, living out the last decades of his life in a suburban twilight of former glamour and glory.

When he told me that tale, one of the few he told me, he relayed it with drama but not much emotion, as if he were recalling a sea monster he'd caught as a boy with just a paperclip and a ball of string.

"And that's why I'm strong," he said. "After that day I never feared anything. Unless someone was pointing a gun at me, I wasn't afraid of anything. Everything else is nothing."

"That's why you're an asshole," I thought. I was about 13. I don't know where we were, if it was in the house my parents would lose in a few years or some other now inhumed place. My middle-aged father's smooth, blankly animated face telling the parable of his own cunning and lack of disabling empathy.

The Viceroy appears almost identical to the Monarch butterfly, emulating its size, shape, and markings to avoid being eaten. The Monarch's diet of milkweed makes it toxic to the birds that would make it their prey.

My father's story has the simplicity of a fairy tale: three brothers, three forks in the road, three wishes: one way to proceed. A series of trials followed by the happy ending, though of course, this was just one story in the long braid of tales that would make up my father's life, my mother's, my brothers', and anyone else's his decisions ended up torquing.

The forest setting. The frightened villagers, then as now, impoverished and terrorized by a ravenous beast. Hunger carving a path through the Woods to the cottage where my father's fate awaited. As does yours. As does mine.

from YOU & ME FOREVER

Valerie Hsiung

My mother loved the story of the dancer who could not write her own name
Statistically, tragedy will visit every single family at least once and a half per generation
It is still too early to tell who this child is
So they drop her into the barrel of wild rice and rain
We find them again in the white pages
I have written this before
Carbon monoxide is flowing into the vault
I have swallowed the thermometer
We pull the scripture from our daughter's braces tangled there
The lovers marvel at the odd-looking planet called Earth
Polyamory never fully disappears even after monogamy is declared the more erotic art form
Today, baby, is the last day for us to pick up your medication
Like soothsayers, my dead friends read palms for diplomats, counsel them on what kinds of bouquets
I kick in my sleep
Akmatova spoke to ghosts
Rimbaud to strangers
Cha spoke to ghosts and strangers
I kick in my sleep, sleep-kick, dab, daub, dream of soiling the sheet, a blueprint
When all love ends in murder when all achievement ends in the assassination attempt in the rape of me myself I

All of the most high-tech prisons will continue to thrive in the desert
 In inherited English the aliens will send a signal offering nothing for us to decipher
 For my sister, I wake up looking out of the window already and ask the neighbors can you please turn down your
 music just a little
 You twirled the key around your neck once
 I changed into a million spy outfits before we even drifted from the love called Earth on my bedpost most of all I
 was naked
 No it was twice, before plummeting
 A sleep-eating bacterium looped through the mountains such as the Himalayas
 I was nature's last "glam child"
 We are reminded of what we once learned of sound, it is naked, unctuous
 The dogs are unbred
 Tides of wailing never anonymous enough to unlanguage us
 An empty wheelchair falling down the ramp of map's no edge is what imbricates thus
 Tribalisms exited the paper shredder wholly intact
 During those years, I would wake up so hungry, fumble towards the staircase, sit there in the dark, for about an
 hour, before deciding what to do next
 I always heard noises
 I would tap gently, ask to sleep on the floor

Go back
More back Further
Go there
More there
Return

Lines on the River

Elaine Johanson

1.

Shorn weeds, like sticks. Thin, storm-rinsed beach. Blue clay beneath a wet veneer of sand. Squinch. She swims out to her father. Two brown antheads, wavering. The river as wide as a lake. The white house like a hat on the hill.

2.

We eat chickpea salad for dinner, then breakfast, then lunch. Tasteless Food Lion eggs. Tomatoes softened in their skins from their overnight on the outdoor table. Icy, craggy watermelon, like pink quartz. We discover mint, weedy, everywhere, and add it to everything.

3.

Shirts and towels vibrate on the clothesline. Clouds roll up the wide hall of the river. Our gathered clothes are still damp in the seams, as if we had just taken them off. Rain as thick as fog. We sleep while it storms, mist hissing through the screens.

4.

Tin sky, tin surface, red wash, and then black. Soft, floorless mud flushing up. We suck our legs close and float in the brack. The moon announces itself, a washed skull. Under it, our shoulders, knees, foreheads. Rising. Not baptized but polished. Not holy but held.

5.

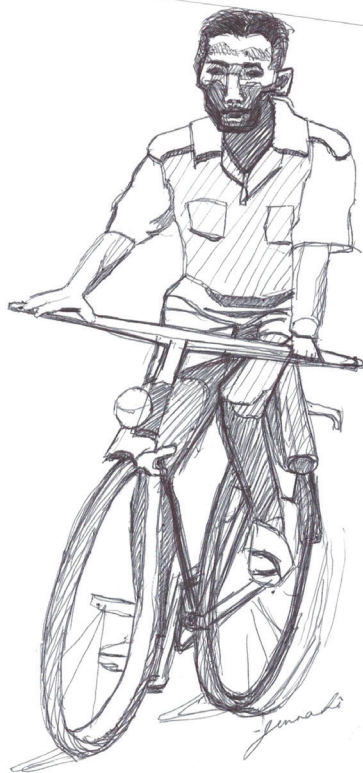
The heat rises, the grass froths to seed. Water covers the pier and drops.
Always the corn growing from knee to hip to a taller measure than
a man. Always the sky churning and clearing. The river sliding. The
house pinned into the field.

DRAWINGS

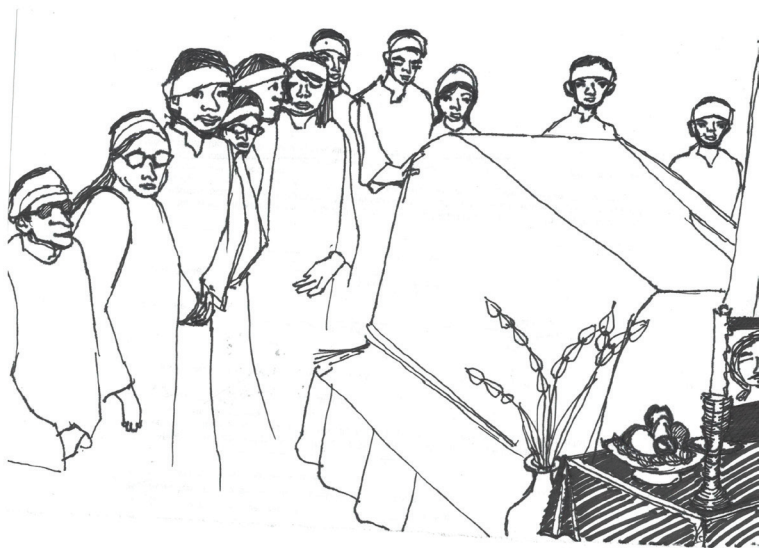
Jenna Le



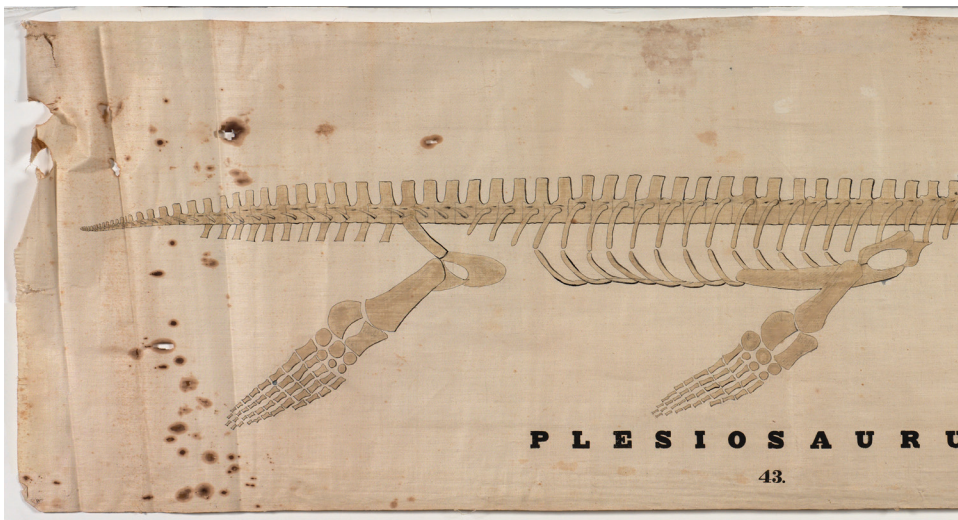
HORSEBACK RIDING IN DA LAT



BICYCLING IN SAIGON



FUNERAL

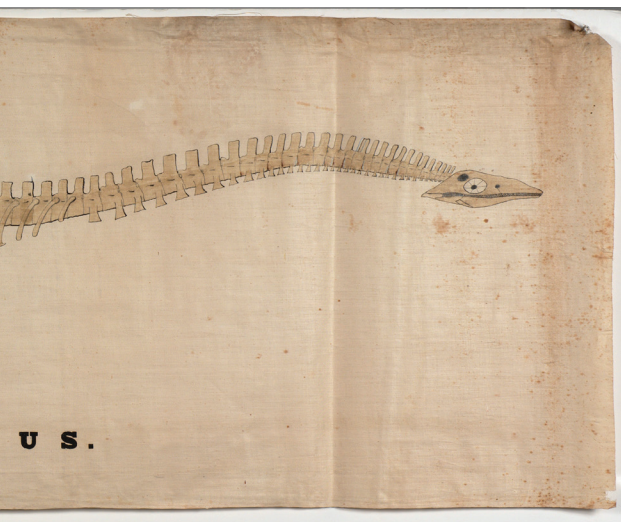


ORRA WHITE HITCHCOCK, *DRAWING OF PLESIOSAURUS SKELETON*, CA. 1828-1840 (COURTESY ARCHIV

JURASSIC PARK THOUGHTS

Mark Leidner

At the beginning of *Jurassic Park*, Donald Gennaro, the lawyer tasked with ensuring that the amusement park won't pose a massive liability for InGen, its parent corporation, explains to a minor character that, in addition to several experts coming to the island to certify the park's operability, the grandchildren of founder Dr. Hammond will also be in tow. Asked why the kids are coming given the safety issues, Gennaro explains that Lex's and Tim's father recently walked out on their mother.



ARCHIVES & SPECIAL COLLECTIONS AT AMHERST COLLEGE).

This line seems completely random and is quickly forgotten as the movie speeds on to introduce the other main characters.

The theme of fatherly abandonment is harrowingly recapitulated when Gennaro leaves Lex and Tim in the Jeep while the T. Rex attacks. In a panic, Lex keeps repeating, “He left us! He left us! He left us!” referring at once to Gennaro’s retreat to the outhouse (where he is famously eaten headfirst while sitting on

the toilet) and also her and her brother’s trauma over the dissolution of their family. Dr. Grant, the film’s primary protagonist and world-famous paleontologist, on his own journey toward accepting the responsibilities of fatherhood at the behest of Dr. Sattler, the brilliant paleobotanist who is his partner, breathlessly consoles Lex in the shadow of the T. Rex, “But that’s not what I’m gonna do!”

Unwittingly assuaging her deeper psychological fear that she and Tim are unprotected in general, Dr. Grant’s assurances eventually allow Lex to relax. This begins a chain of supportive and protective behaviors that culminate in Lex’s third-act decision to trust her own hacking skills and save Dr. Grant, Dr. Sattler, Tim, and herself from a pack of rapacious velociraptors that have them cornered.

What makes Dr. Grant, who begins the movie resistant to fatherhood, decide to embrace it? It is the overwhelming need of protec-

tion, encouragement, and guidance that he observes in the terrified and newly fatherless Lex and Tim.

What makes Dr. Grant initially suspicious of fatherhood? In his opening scene at the dig site in Montana, he seems to dislike the flippancy of a younger student. He seems bothered by how unbothered young people are with the seriousness and importance of life, science, and the study of dinosaurs. No doubt, children of his own would only impede his life's work. By the end of the movie, however, Dr. Grant has witnessed the destructive potential that an obsession with dinosaurs unleashes if unconstrained by the common sense and humanism that, for Dr. Grant, the role of father brings out.

Meeting Tim for the first time, before all the dinosaurs get loose, a kind of inverse occurs; Tim is too eager to discuss dinosaurs and has even read Dr. Grant's book. Tim is certainly annoying, but perhaps in him Dr. Grant also sees the threat of time—that a new generation that will ultimately swamp the old. Dr. Grant's initial suspicion of fatherhood, therefore, could be viewed as an attempt to defer his inevitable replacement. To lovingly tend a new generation requires the sometimes difficult acknowledgement that one's own generation is not eternal.

Dinosaurs are the apotheosis of nostalgia. They fascinate us in childhood, and they dominated Earth before we even existed. Dinosaurs present us with a power that is apolitical, ahistorical, and impersonal. Fathoming such a power allows us to fantasize about it without any connection to our real lives and all the messy and contradictory obligations that bind us. Loving dinosaurs is similar to loving God. The child loves any form of power because a child lacks power. The child loves doubly any power that is more powerful than its parents because it assuages the fear of parental abandonment. If God exists, we are not alone even if our parents leave us. Unlike God, however, believing in dinosaurs and investing our imaginations in them allows us to feel in subordination to and superior to that power. That some very powerful

beings once roamed Earth and no longer do invokes a human telos of simultaneous impotence and supremacy. To a child, the size and power of dinosaurs makes them worthy of awe, but their extinction implies that God, fate, or nature has favored us over them. In this way, belief in dinosaurs soothes much of the fears that plague early consciousness. We are powerless and powerful relative to thunder lizards, and the power-fluidity of this imagined relationship makes it extremely practical, psychologically, for the powerless. To remain obsessed with dinosaurs as an adult, however, may indicate an inability to accept the facts of our mortality and our social responsibility in the way that all adults must if they wish to metamorphose into unselfish contributors to society.

By the end of the movie, Dr. Grant has seen the destructive consequences of his desire to look at dinosaurs as representations of power that can be awed at or that can supply self-awe at one's leisure. Like how a long-distance relationship remains protean, shifting definition in its lovers' minds to fit their vacillating feelings as long as the distance is long, but then is often shredded by the friction of actual contact when the distance is closed, the relationship to dinosaurs changes completely when they're real and living among us. In *Jurassic Park*, it is as if Dr. Grant's naïve conception of dinosaurs has kept him from growing into his fatherly role; as soon as it is shattered, he accepts the responsibility of adulthood, of the present circumstance, of protecting the vulnerable, of a duty beyond professional vanity.

It is not incidental that the theme music for the island is so magisterial, echoing the melodies and instrumentations of imperial marches and coronations. This music characterizes dinosaurs as high royalty, and, by contrast, positions us as peasants and courtiers. Encountering dinosaurs on the island evokes the desire to worship the power of higher beings, beings of more obvious destiny, beings beyond comprehension, and inspires, to a certain extent, our longing to be ruled by them.

Jurassic Park plays up the fallen grandeur and the noblesse oblige we associate with heroes of all lost ages. Nothing may be more disgusting than modern examples of geopolitical power, but long-gone examples of the same thing are another story. Ruins are beautiful; the wounds are not so fresh. Countless TV shows, movies, comics, novels, and other stories exploit our desire to imagine (and to imagine ourselves alive in) an era even more rigid, when the political order was even more grotesque, and when, like children basking in the absence of responsibility that their powerful parents provide, we had no choice but to simply stop worrying and let our rulers govern the world. I don't think it's a healthy yearning, nor is it a wholly evil one. It is a natural one that politicians, marketers, and storytellers of all moral spectrums play to all the time. Most stories we have about power, especially political power, usually involves someone who uses it justly battling others using it unjustly.

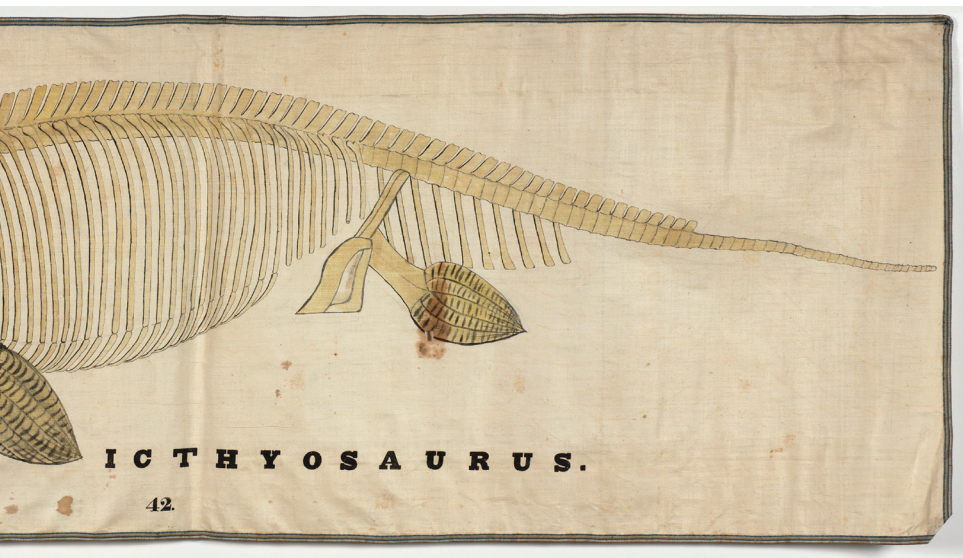
So there should be no dispute that we tend to romanticize power in the hands of the good. At no point in *Jurassic Park*, however, do dinosaurs wield their power responsibly. But in the end of the movie, when the T. Rex rescues the protagonists from the velociraptors—as the booming imperialistic score climaxes—we glimpse, for just a moment, the sense of serendipity and relief that comes when a powerful ruler, pursu-



ORRA WHITE HITCHCOCK, *DRAWING OF ICHTHYOSAURUS SKELETON*

ing their own destiny and utterly indifferent to ours, only happens to benefit us. For those who wish to go on living, the relief of this type of deliverance can be practically transcendent.

It is dangerous that this feeling of humility and good fortune can feel so gratifying. But it ultimately teaches us that even today, in the present, as adults, when we should take responsibility for ourselves and the wellbeing of others, and in which human beings possess the greatest power we know of, we are still peasants in the realm of nature, and that nature includes our own behavior. We live and die at its leisure, and whether we endure a million more generations, a hundred more, or ten more, we have no ability to comprehend its measure, nor have we ever.



LETON, CA. 1828-1840 (COURTESY ARCHIVES & SPECIAL COLLECTIONS AT AMHERST COLLEGE).

MY OWN MISGIVINGS

Kate Lindroos

I had an exceptionally beautiful horse
though when she came to me

she was not beautiful, after a few years
of change cars began to stop

by the side of the road and people left
those cars to touch my fence,

they came close to capture her likeness
and barely looked at the horse

except through the lens nor thought
to ask of it anything important,

they saw me usually in my house clothes
on the porch or in the yard

and it was always an intrusion
to be noticed by those in search of beauty

not their own, to fall short as I must
was just like the feeling

of falling off a horse which I have
never done though have seen others do

in hushed and frightened wonder,
the saddle never once un-righted.

THE WASH

Although I was stationary
I felt like how a woman felt

while taking laundry in off
the line, learning over time

little tricks about how best
to carry something that must

be aired again once brought
inside a rain storm forecast

and cold temperatures to follow,
not smart to let things get wet

again to once again dry,
the feeling was that of taking

in sheets if I am specific since
it was both burdensome

in size and in ensuing comfort,
the speed at which I worked

neither rushed nor slow, an act
that had come preloaded ready

along with others more, now
though I was still,

I felt like how a historian must feel
in that there wasn't enough time

to chart this lineage of taking
before there be some kind of storm

BOAT TO THE MOON

There are bodies of water that feel
like oceans but are not oceans, I have seen

a few and think only of what makes
distinction in the absence of all things being

distinct, these that hold at their center the feeling
of vastness and therefore define

what they point to based entirely on what
defined the feeling that had gone into the act

of pointing, there are things to point at in this world
and they are both many and few, all that is

above in sky, of course, all that is far
away, the pointing somehow closing

the gap of witness by the length of a single finger
and therefore gaining some truth

about what it is to venture in that middle
space which so few actually venture in

though all begin the journey however slightly
before turning back to the distinction of home

After After

Kristi Maxwell

This was after we moved into pencil drawings of tree houses on stilts, but before the cows grazed in the diminishing field of the freckle signifying our face.

This was after a refusal of berries too close to rotting, but before self-consciousness about metaphor.

This was after the butter-soaked collard greens, but before we deflated the ache as if it were something reusable and easily stowed.

This was after the pimple you mistook for jam and, obviously, failed to wipe off, but before the last comma, which we obstinately misplaced.

This was after the bite mark, but before the tongue.

This was after the nosegay protecting the nose from the plague-stench, but before the video of the autopsy of the woman with a bra and panties matching your own.

This was after lushness, but before lushness.

This was after the ghosts caught fire and after their flimsy collage of light, but before the building conceived space and before the hard labor and before the dead men.

This was after the green shoe busted and the wool shoe, but before the description of a bus-struck owl.

This was after we knew, but long before saying.

TERRIBLE MUSIC

Chessy Normile

I misunderstood what kind of boat party we'd been invited to.

You were screaming in your sleep beside me,
thrashing like a dead shark
held in the arms of a living man.

You were both the shark and the man, which impressed me.
My dreams don't scare me like that anymore.

Sweating, you woke
and walked swiftly off the deck.

Time passed until, over salmon,
I got to congratulate us
on our perceived humanity.

Agreeing heartily, you poured
champagne into a flute and I was like,
He just ruined that flute.

You proceeded to play the most terrible music.

Love hath made me stupid.

I should've thought,
This guy is a terrible musician, shut it down,
but instead I became

a shallow bowl of strawberry milk
riding a fictional boat through a very real storm.

Anyway, after the terrible concert and the great sex it was morning
and in the kitchen you noticed a paper bag folded in on itself,
a spoon cracked with white yogurt lying on top.

Because of my knack for espionage
what you didn't notice was me,
seated in the corner like a chair.

I watched you find the spoon,
break it apart from the table,
and lift it up to the light.

You stood still, gentle as a rock
sinking to the bottom of a lake, and I thought,
When we die, may that someone lift us purposefully as that.
May they consider us a little then decide
we are suited to our death before they let us go.

GHOST PIPES

Ben Pease

The fire didn't burn the trouble
away. Just embers now, the shovel
handle cooled to black, it feels
good to arch one's back after a day
of pulling hundred-year-old nails
until there is nothing but the sky
and a few trees on the periphery,
a hint of the auroras and darkness
mostly, the stars dim and blue.
The plastic chair cracks in half
and you along with it, you fold
into yourself until there's just
the wind brought by a car a half
mile down the road and your voice
before it finds the will to speak.
None of it wants to hold much
longer. The great blue heron
spread out its wings and drifted,
almost fell, into the stream
and just sort of stood there
until we turned in for the night—
what did it leave behind—beyond
the field that opens to a mountain
of gutted pines and ghost pipes,
river of rocks and fallen trees,
where it too stretched its dagger-
like bill skyward, moving slowly,

striking with a speed reserved
for the more conspicuous, lifting
its two-tone wings into deep
beats which cannot pull you
from this reverie on death,
how the good work won't
slow it down, how it's only
begun to pull the fish that pass
it from the stream, the rest
of the wood catches too fast,
the ghost pipes, no red on these,
so pale to be translucent, a calm
parasite thriving in the understory,
in the dark that will take us, we are
not prepared, forgive me.

Source Code

After Frost

Not long before the water found its way
to the basement, and we had to wait for it to thaw
before we could drain it, rough-hewn planks drifting

between mud and concrete, a man stopped his car
outside the house to warn me of a black bear cub
scavenging in an adjacent field. I never saw her

or the inevitable mother bear, my task of moving
the lumber pile went on and without incident
in a solitude punctuated only by a collared

beagle who lifted a front leg and froze
at the sight of life in the old house.
The mist moved through the local range

more golden than grey, the chartered
buses had come and gone, and when
you're alone like this, you let the voices

of the dead come to you, knowing fully
what they were: the mind at play
with its mourning, the mind alive

in its ventriloquism. What calls you
to the earth and the sound of running water?
The source hidden further up the mountain

the wilderness guide called “not meant
for people and their works,” from which
you cannot drink and be whole again.

LATE NOISE

The distant eighteen wheelers
on the mass pike at three am,

streetlight through the shades
and the kind of quiet

that makes you wish the mills
would sink into the earth

and pull the rest of the town
with it. Around that time

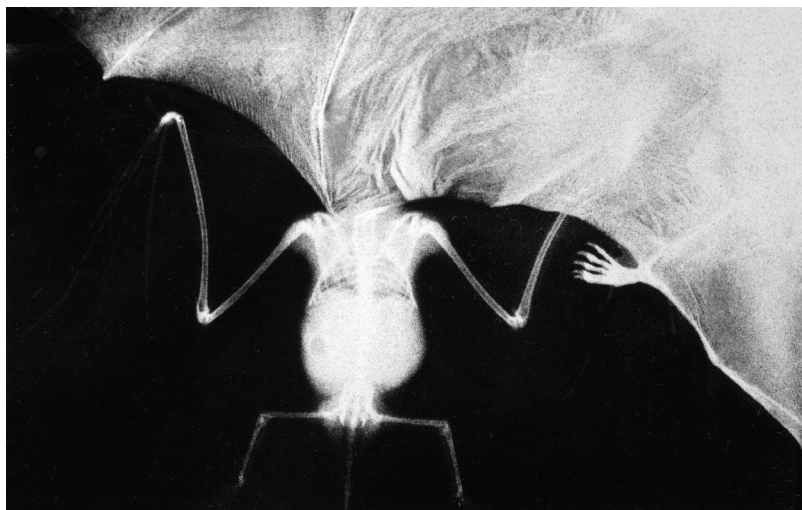
we learned the death rattle
was not a shake but a pattern

of terminal breath. Hard to tell
if you'd speak in the tongues

of women or angels
when there was nothing more

but to look into you
for a reflection and see

the imperfect dimly
passing away.



HALFWAY BETWEEN EXISTING AND VANISHING: AN INTERVIEW WITH ROSAMOND PURCELL

Rosamond Purcell is a photographer and writer whose many books include *Owls Head: On the Nature of Lost Things*, *Bookworm*, *Egg & Nest*, *Illuminations: A Bestiary*, and *Crossing Over: Where Art and Science Meet*. Her work is the subject of the 2017 documentary *An Art That Nature Makes*. In March 2019, Andy Nicole Bowers interviewed Purcell in her studio in Somerville, Massachusetts.

JUBILAT: *References to the Baroque often appear in commentary on your work. As someone who has always gravitated toward—and now studies—the Baroque, I’m intrigued by the possibility of placing your photographs into conversation with the aesthetics and concerns of this era. How do you see your work in relation to the Baroque?*

ROSAMOND PURCELL: First of all, it would be very helpful if you were to define the era and geographic stylistic expression of Baroque you have in mind. What, historically speaking, are you drawn to? I’m turning it back to you for a reason—because I think we both have something different in mind when speaking of “the Baroque.”

I wonder what aspect of the Baroque people are invoking in their commentary.

It’s possible I have no idea what they mean! But I also think that there’s no question that I am drawn to certain periods of time, especially to the seventeenth century, in which the Baroque may be present. What century are you drawn to?

The first thing that comes to mind when speaking of the Baroque is the Italian art of the early seventeenth century. But I’m drawn, I think, to all kinds of things that are termed baroque, whether or not they’re truly of the Baroque period from an art-historical point of view. I think what I’m drawn to has to do with a certain combination of density and drama, a kind of minutely encrusted yet robustly muscular grandeur. I’m drawn, too, to the original connotations of the word baroque—anomalous, twisted, dissonant.

The seventeenth century is my favorite because of the early cabinets—the so-called “cabinets of curiosities.” I am most familiar with the depiction and catalogue of the museum of Ole Worm from Denmark (circa 1650).

I'm fascinated by what collectors collected and how, in the context of scholarly research, exotic birds, animals, and minerals were depicted and studied by collectors: Is this a huge leg bone found by a traveler to Madagascar from a giant man from Noah's Flood? Is this a drop of water in a jar from Noah's Flood? Is a sponge which moves and sways in the water but stiffens on land an animal that breathes or a plant? Did God make actual crabs and also stone fossil crabs that look just like the crabs crawling on the sand? As described by even earlier scholars, did a salamander walk through fire unscathed? Fascination lies in what collectors *see* and how the texts of earlier, less "scientific" times read, but the scholars of the seventeenth century did not necessarily already know what they were *supposed* to see in the exotic creatures brought to them by travelers to far-off places.

What I admire about the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, especially in Northern Europe, is that scholars and collectors were closer to the natural world. And that's because people were finding things and not knowing what they were. I am attracted to sixteenth- and seventeenth-century histories about how unknown creatures and artifacts from the past were eventually found and the research and conclusions that came from such discoveries. Every explanation for what this thing or that thing actually is, becomes mutable when you look at it with a clear unbiased gaze, with the gaze of an explorer and not that of a convert accepting older answers and conventional wisdom. You look at it, and you think. And then you keep on analyzing. The most compelling collections contain within them found specimens and objects that were thought not to have existed, but here they are.

This is all very exciting from my perspective. I'm glad we've found our way into this territory.

Absolutely. It's an arena full of artifacts I'm visually drawn to and occasionally academically informed about.

If I were to take the word *Baroque* and apply it to certain kinds of collections—scientific collections or museum collections of that period—it would, in my mind, be most applicable to the collections of Italy—and maybe France and Germany. But not so much to the one I’m most interested in and know the most about, which is the museum of Ole Worm in Copenhagen. Do you know a little bit about the reconstruction of Ole’s cabinet?

Yes, and I find that project of yours fascinating.

Ole Worm lived in Copenhagen, Denmark, a compelling North Atlantic world, and his students came from that part of the world, including Lapland and Greenland. It was natural that his collections drew directly on those territories. Worm also acquired foreign specimens from Europe, Asia, and the Americas. His natural history museum was also like an early anthropology or ethnographic museum.

But there are a few aspects within Ole’s cabinet that I’m pretty sure you might classify as Baroque because he did get many things from afar. On one of the shelves of Ole’s cabinet is a statue of *The Rape of the Sabines*. This is evidence that he did possess a well-known Baroque object—a replica of a famous Roman sculpture.

One can’t be sure, though, that everything pictured on the shelves in the drawing of the museum reflects Ole’s organization—the drawing was made by a draftsman just after Ole died. But when I attempted to direct a recreation of Worm’s museum based on the frontispiece to an illustration made in 1655, I took the illustration at face value and represented each artifact or animal depicted in the engraving by finding actual models or artifacts and borrowing them from modern museums to stand in the shelves in this recreation.

I'm intrigued by the kind of juxtaposition you describe in Ole's cabinet—the work of art on the scientific shelf. One of the (many) things that draws me to your work is the way it destabilizes received categories. I often experience your photographs as reclamations: Here, “objects” become subjects, artifacts and specimens are illuminated as—and enshrined within—works of art. I'm curious about how you see your photographs in relation to the perceived boundary between science and art.

Let's put it this way. If you take the word *art* out of the equation, it's much easier for me to talk about this. Because I'm not going to claim that my work is art. I hope it compels you to look at it. But I don't know exactly what you mean by art because the art world is a slippery slope.

I think I can understand where you're coming from.

If I were to find something on the ground that is an ordinary object, and it's been transformed because it's been outside for a long time, left to the weather... for example, let's take my favorite, which would be a book.

With a book, the pages have become soaked; the materials have been warped. The letters have slipped and slid. Visually, the original meaning of the letters has become effaced, replaced, rearranged, because the letters have been rained on, snowed on, or in some other way transformed by the climate. The book then looks other than we expect—like the geological folding in ancient rocks.

That sight to me is almost always somewhat of a shock and always worth recording. Now, when I'm recording it, I'm not necessarily thinking *how beautiful this is*. That's not the point. I'm thinking *how changed this is*. Do you see what I mean?



I do, and I appreciate how swapping change for beauty recalibrates my perspective as a viewer of your work.

If you turn manmade objects over to the natural world and leave them to their fate under the sky or in a ruined place, they will eventually change because they will be eaten by insects, they will be gnawed at by animals, they will be rained on, they will disintegrate, they will mold. Eventually they belong to another realm.

This is perhaps a silly question, but do you have a favorite, or a few favorites, among the things you've found in ruined places and brought back to your studio?

Absolutely. There's no question I have a few things like that. And I have a few small collections of self-similar things. If you have a collection of, say, books, and the books from that collection have been in some way altered by the elements, each one changes into something different. There's often one in a collection of ruined things—a clock, a book, a toy train—that's better than the others.

What do I mean by “better”? That whatever this thing was meant to be, it has disintegrated to the point that it's almost unrecognizable but not quite, and you know almost immediately what it still is. It's like something that's vanished, but its image is still clinging to our perception of it. It's halfway between existing and vanishing. It's passing through.

Something about the language you're using to describe your subjects is calling to mind a quote by Diane Arbus...

I think it's that her subjects had already suffered their trauma.

That quote is definitely applicable. But I'm thinking of her saying that her photographs "are proof that something was there and no longer is. Like a stain."

I don't know that quote specifically, but there's no question...The thing about photography is that it's such an active sport. And still life photography... I remember a time when a photojournalist rushed through some place where I was teaching when I was in the process of photographing something on a windowsill. She said, "Go on, keep shooting it. It's dead."

God, that's nuts!

It's also that the photograph I was taking was *out of context*. It wasn't on a battlefield or in the middle of a crowded street; there did not appear to be an emergency; it wasn't a Weegee or a war story. It was just something on a windowsill. She was disgusted. She came up and said, "Go on! Shoot it! It's already dead."

A field photographer, a sort of "seize the day" photographer, might say that. But you know what I'm doing? I'm doing the same thing. I can stay with and follow a natural history object for a long time in natural light, the light is always changing, and in the end, there will be only one or two good pictures.

What happens is kind of like a symbiosis, a combination of my attention to what I'm looking at; the ability of the camera to see, to enlarge, and to record; and the specimen as it is soaking in or deflecting the light. The process involves a series of complex phases of attention.

This is drawing out something I really appreciate about your work... I think so many people do have this idea—and not just about photography (I've

come across it in writing, too)—that if one's subject is inanimate, then it's inert. It's as if they've chosen to dismiss the life in still life... I am enthralled by your ability to capture life in that which is still.

You've described your work, or what happens during your process, I believe, as a kind of reanimation. What does reanimation mean to you in the context of taking a photograph?

Today, when there's so much light coming and going through the skylights and the windows, it's hard for me to sit here without wanting to get up and take a record shot of what I'm seeing. I love natural light, and if it were raining today, I'd just be sitting here. But, as it is now, I'm distracted by light passing over objects. In this cabinet there's a hand, and because the metal behind it in the cabinet has been split, and because the light and shadows are passing through, the wax hand looks almost like an hour hand on a clock... This is an arrangement that's been done for other reasons—the wax hand melting and ashes and old books—but actually, graphically, it's been rendered interesting because of how the sun's falling.

I'm seeing some parallels, I think, with the slippage of meanings we were talking about earlier—the warping and vanishing and reconstituting of meaning in a book that's been left out in the rain. ... That seems like a kind of reanimation, too.

Yes, I would say that's another version of it. In that case, it's about an object that has itself slipped from one identity into possible identities. It's not just a book with one type of text; it's a book with morphing text.

Earlier, the word mutable came up in relation to the contents of early cabinets of curiosities—you spoke of a situation in which the explanation for what something is becomes mutable and compels us to keep on looking and

analyzing. I think I'm seeing more about how mutability factors in at every stage of your process.

Well, photography is one thing and collecting another. I have collected all the things in this room not because many of them were objects that are familiar to us but because, as a result of what they have experienced, they are now something other than what they were originally meant to be. They're not self-similar anymore.

For example, here is some tin foil that has been in a fire. Tin foil: that's what it is. But if you go in close, it's like pictographs from India or the Southwest because of the way the char has marked itself on the silver in these irregular but distinctly gestural figures. You think you're looking at a cave painting or another archaic surface into which men and animals have been etched by flame.

I remember something funny happening around the shipworms in An Art That Nature Makes, the 2017 documentary about your work.

This is the funny thing (which has never been much fun for me): whenever I go into a natural history collection, I am immediately challenged because I am not a biologist. At least, years ago, I was unsure not only of *what* I wanted to photograph but also of *how* I wanted it to look until I had photographed it. When I first went into these collections with a camera, the keeper of the collection often did not have the imagination or the sense of humor to see what I was often searching for was a sense of *imperfection*.

Also, back when I was starting out, I often did not know or did not remember the names of the things I was looking for. I've gotten better, but it took a long time. Because I was not, in the beginning, interested in the scientific aspect of the skins and bones of museum specimens.

I was interested in how something *looked*, especially if it was scary. [Rosamond is referring to a print hanging in her studio, the photograph is reproduced as a negative].

I've wanted to ask you about this photograph for years [see jubilat cover].

Well, it's one of the first photographs I took in a natural history museum. I wanted to photograph monkeys because they were terrifying and I was appropriately terrified; I could really get into it and take a picture, whereas rabbit or squirrel skins were still and smelly. But these monkeys were so expressive, I would have given up a great opportunity had I resisted such restlessness.

The reason I've reproduced this image as a negative print here, years after the original positive print, is because the negative just sketches in the shadows and does not over-delineate small details of these screaming figures with their wide-open mouths.

I was looking at a negative when I was preparing for a place in the Biennial 2018 at the Portland Museum of Art. My work was about World War I. I had read about the secret experiment station in the U.K., Porton Down. There, they experimented with how every sort of creature would respond to gas. They made masks for men, dogs, donkeys, horses, and they tested them with gas. They also tested monkeys with gas, but they did not make the masks for them.

That's an extremely poignant and powerful association you make between the monkeys in your photograph and those at Porton Down.

The expressions of the animals in the photograph are of such abject terror that I thought they were symbolic of something like the gas experiments, as well as being actual. If the image is shown as

the positive, you see the fur. ... It's visceral rather than expressive, somehow.

It's a privilege for me to see this image as a negative print and to hear what you had in mind as you worked. That picture is, in the best way possible, one of the most harrowing things I've ever seen. I think that conviction is both reinforced and enriched by seeing the negative print.

Well that's sort of good!

I've also wanted to ask you about this image because you've shown it at a couple of events I've attended; bizarrely (at least for me), it got a lot of laughs on both occasions! That's difficult for me to fathom because, as I've said—and, really, objectively—the photograph is utterly harrowing. I've been known to engage in nervous laughter, but faced with this image, I fall into a kind of speechless awe, an awe of the unspeakable. I'm curious about what you make of other audience members' laughter.

Well, perhaps there are two reasons why they might've laughed. One is because I might've shown the positive after showing a few other monkeys by themselves. And I think a singleton is more apt to elicit a kind of personal response, whereas if it's a group, well, it's a rave or something, who knows! I think I know what I said back then because I've changed my commentary since. This is important, because as you go along, you look back at pictures you've taken years ago and they return with a different kind of resonance than when you first took them.

What I said, probably, was that when I saw them grouped together and their mouths were stuffed with cotton, and their eyes also cotton, they reminded me of people who might have been in a medieval village when suddenly there was a meteor.

That does sound familiar. I'm still harrowed by that way of looking at this image!

I imagined where they were—this medieval village—but I would not have gone the distance of saying that they were an expression of horror that speaks to something that in fact *did happen*—*something that you can only visualize* because you have no idea what it would really be like. ... Well, I think I could go to a war museum and find out what it was actually like, but I'm not about to do that right now because this is what I care about—that it's expressive.

I see.

I can give you another example of old pictures that acquire new resonance, this occurred to me yesterday when I was looking through an old group of bat pictures from the 1980s. I may take a picture instinctively and not have too many words about it at the time. ... And then I can go back later and look, and all of a sudden something else occurs to me that informs a photograph for a different reason.

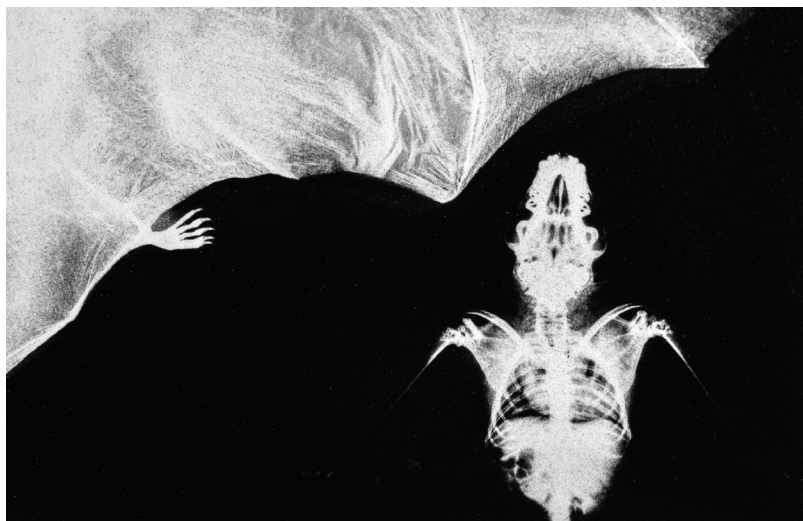
What has changed for you about the bat photos?

I recently found some black and white images of these bats on a contact sheet. Printed as negatives, they are more like bats at night. As if in a film, you see these images going from one to another, to another.

When I took the bat photos, I was reacting in a visceral way, not in a practiced way, not as I would in a kind of light I've used a million times. There are actions in these things that are not alive. And that has to do with the tiny bones and the intricate fashion in which they were put together.

I love that bat; he's looking over his shoulder, regarding us. The eye seems very much alive. I feel seen.

Oh yes! It's a different kind of implied atmosphere in that photograph: it's liquid, swimming, a dragon of the sky. And it's in color.



If I hadn't been photographing natural history specimens, most of which demand color, I definitely wouldn't have stopped with black and white. Without color, a parrot is a letdown. It has to do with what the silent subject seems to be asking for.

A lot would be lost without color in many of your photographs.

Absolutely. But sometimes things can be reproduced very well in black and white; it just depends on how graphic they are to begin with.

The contact sheet with the bats leads me to another thing I've been meaning to ask you about, which is what happens when images or objects are sequenced, juxtaposed, or fused. I'm noticing, of course, the arrangements in the cabinets and shelves throughout your studio; I also see some collages and assemblages. I'm curious about how these various yet related practices—collage, assemblage, and arrangement—fit together within your process.

Well, those are different parts of what I do. One of the things I do is to make displays of objects that are meant to be subjects unto themselves. ... When I first get these objects back to the studio, I arrange them on the shelves as if they're sentences—ones that are partial. The objects themselves are broken, truncated; the colors are different from what it should be. ... They're different from what you would find when you find an old lamp, a flashlight, a rubber toy. Everything has been compromised by the weather; therefore, it has become something *other than* a lamp, a flashlight, a toy. It's free to travel. It's free to be used in more of an interpretive way.

The point is that all these things are better off *not* being thrown away but rather elevated or placed into a sentence or a train of thought. I think the way I put together the sentences has to do with the physical inclination of one thing and the sway of another, or the collapse of one and the opening of another. It's all these different actions.

I love thinking of these arrangements as sentences. I never would've thought it on my own, but it makes so much sense. The different ways words can collide, hinge, open onto one another...

I'm not saying it's a sentence you can articulate at all. It's just a placement, or a rhythm that you get, or you don't.

Partial text, and that marvelous “book nest” [Andy is referring to the object that triggered Rosamond’s work at the junkyard of William Buckminster in Owls Head, Maine, a book that has become other than as a result of its abandonment to the elements and the activities of nesting mice]—they serve as a lens in a lot of ways, no?

That’s interesting! I hadn’t thought of that image. I tend to just do my work and not interpret it very much unless I’m talking about it.

On the topic of partial text, there’s also the termite-eaten text I’ve used in some collages, which came about because I knew someone who had a termite lab. I gave them the paper, the termites ate it, and then I took it back and made collages.

I’ve never heard that story! I wish I knew someone with a termite lab...

So do you find yourself rearranging quite a bit—rewriting the text of the studio, if you will?

Well it depends on what you mean by rearranging. I tend to avoid wholesale rearranging.

You know, after everywhere we’ve been, I’m still stuck on the reaction of the curator in An Art That Nature Makes—that shipworm scene.

Well, the thing is, the scientist Paul Callomon (the person you see in the film), a malacologist at the Academy of Natural Sciences of Drexel University in Philadelphia, introduced a classic argument that takes place sometimes between a scientist and an artist, and I was so happy he did because what he said was something like, “I don’t see what you’re seeing. I just see this as being important from a biological point of view

because this is how these animals work—who cares about the patterns? Who cares about what it looks like? What we care about is the intrinsic scientific value of the specimen and what it tells us about the organism.”

He was echoing what a number of biologists have said to me. It’s like what happened when I photographed the mastodon tooth that reminded me of a mountain range. The curator told me, “It’s a *tooth*.” He did not appear to like the more poetic view.

But what you should also know about Paul Callomon is that he himself is a scientific illustrator/artist and he *did* know what I was talking about! He has a good sense of the ironic. ... I’m not sure that he was absolutely behind what he was saying, but he did it and I was very grateful that he did play the part because that’s the nature of complaints against the “nonscientific” attitude of artists from collection managers.

It’s rather amazing to me that someone could work around such evocative and expressive things for years and manage to avoid seeing other things in them.

What’s really funny is that the more you talk to these people, it turns out they actually *do* know what you’re talking about!

I love your vision of a tooth as a mountain range. Can you say more about how the anatomical can “slip and slide”—to borrow the language you used earlier to describe the movement of text in a book ravaged by the elements—into the topographical?

If you look at human skulls, or really many kinds of skulls, you will see that they look like geologic formations. The sutures of the skull are like

river valleys seen from the air. Maybe an ancient river carving down through the stone, the zigzagging of it. Or mountains. Something that looks like an aerial view but is not.

It's just the substance of what the skull is.

But it's also more.

PARTIAL

Bin Ramke

A leaning toward, a segment-
ation. Some troubling partial
differential equation becomes

a portion of, say, a life: to be
partial to. However
well lived at its end

as if it never was
as if a life could exist without
the one who lived it as if

I did not know how to live
as two, so I would pretend
one was not me at a time

the other a visitor. Treat visitors
well, incline toward their wishes,
offer breakfast in bed.

*

At any age an end is available
I didn't really need to know that,
but it does no harm (Malte Laurids Brigge)

to fill full the wanton

particulate evening a
soft light and hard

landing speak to self
about self then write
backward in the mirror.

Others do otherwise,
wisdom being a piece
of the jigsawed image.

We have machines to do that
for us, to find the places
worth severing, severally.

If to be impartial is
to be whole, to be partial
is to be biased, then

to suffer does not suffice,
will not serve, however severely
wished, whistled for.

A CHANGE IN CLIMATE

*Cold is our element and winter's air
Brings voices as of lions coming down*
—Wallace Stevens, “The Sun this March”

I escaped The South in search of Winter,
a lauded elemental out of books, the blended
terms of Time like leaves from trees failing, falling—

I knew The Tropics and other secrets. I would watch
stains on a ceiling green with Time, gardenish
and the mildew harvests itself humbly.

A dangerous time when poets believe themselves.
For “poet” read “the readiness is chemical.” For “self”
read “radical technics.” Or “reflexivity.”

More visible than We had hoped to be;
We dress this way, and wander among
ourselves picking hairs off our sweaters.

Discard the outer garments as air
encases us more firmly, more fittingly.
There is snow rising in the mountains, falling.

There is something to hope for, far.
We could not invent this world no matter
how thick our arrogance grew in its

manure. We think hard while ink stains

our hands more visibly than blood on
Pilate's. Or Lady Macbeth's? There is water enough

though not here in The West where ghost rivers
fill fleetingly in spring as with petrichor—
the blood of gods is also a discharge from a wound,

geosmin fills the head with hope, simple bacteria
...we learn early to mimic
a healthy world, to smell like (im)mortality.

Like mud.
The smell of rain as a promise,
a premise, a problem. Solution.

from
UNDERWORLD LIT

Srikanth Reddy

XIII.

Upon reading the scroll, affairs from long ago began to infiltrate Chen's memory, although in a disordered and cloudy fashion. He thanked his old retainer. A passing dragonfly landed on his sleeve.

"Your presence has been requested at the Lower District Court," the motorized airport staircase informed Chen. "Would you prefer to travel on foot, or by some other means?"

"Whoever heard of a legendary warlord trudging through the mud?" protested the cadaverous valet, already beginning to fade around the edges. Ascending the scuffed metal steps, Chen reluctantly bid his former factotum farewell.

After a journey of many leagues,
the staircase arrived at a red river
moving slowly through jungle. Two
boys swam against the current, their
heads dipping in and out of view.
Chen noted how their blowguns
helped them to stay afloat. He could
see shimmering clouds of butterflies
suspended above the leafy canopy on
the far shore.

Up to this point in his travels, Chen
had marveled at his expeditious
conveyance, which traversed
mountains and deserts alike without
any action on his part. But now he
protested in vain as the rattling
contraption sped into the river's
shallows. Chen waved to the boys
midstream, calling for assistance.
Out of earshot, they waved back.
The staircase pushed on through the
deepening flow.

As the waters rose around him,
Chen's soaked robes grew impossibly
heavy, dragging the former assistant
magistrate down, down, into
the crimson flux. The last thing
he remembered was his mouth

filling with blood, which he sensed,
somehow, wasn't his own.

XX.

They arrived at a village high in the clouds. The deputy constable came out to meet them, a shovel slung over his shoulder. He exchanged a few pleasantries with the twins, but it was mostly lost on Chen.

*[El pueblo unido / jamás será
vencido—trans].*

*[El derecho a la revolución es
incondicional, pues sólo esto establece
las condiciones para los derechos—
trans].*

[Verde que te quiero verde—trans].

*[No te preocupes, el chino puede ser
útil—trans].*

Smiling crookedly, the old man motioned for them to follow. He explained that the people here knew next to nothing of the outside world, though they received occasional

remittances from the living. They grew what they needed in their terraced gardens—plantains, pumpkins, maize and beans—but they didn't have salt, only some kind of powdery black clay that they used instead. Chen would remember the taste long after his tale had ended.

The twins wandered off with the constable, passing an enormous cigar back and forth. Chen sat under a stunted box elder and surveyed his surroundings. This underworld looked nothing at all like the hell of his grandmother's bedtime stories. Where were the meat hooks? The demons? The mountains of knives?

One by one, villagers emerged from their houses to offer their visitor, whose robes were in frightful condition, whatever they could spare. Muzzled with wire, a donkey observed the proceedings from her soiled enclosure. Chen wondered whom she'd offended in her previous life.

[George? Fadi? Rita? John?—trans].

When Chen was decent again, an

old woman approached, covering her mouth, and held out an ancient hand mirror. Inspecting its cracked surface, he saw a modern-day highland Mayan farmer in a dented grey fedora, patched trousers, and an XXL T-shirt that read "Orgy of One." For the first time in recent memory, Chen felt almost at home.

XXII.

That night, the twins put on a show for the villagers. Chen watched from a wobbly stool in the front row. Some sort of fermented pink liquor was passed around in a hollow gourd. Low in the sky, a full moon polished everything silver.

The boys danced on stilts like drunks in high marsh grass. One shook a rain stick, wearing an armadillo mask. The other, dressed as a whippoorwill, blew into a flute carved from bone. Everybody clapped in time. As if by magic, the gourd kept reappearing in Chen's hands.

With a flourish, the spotted boy unsheathed his machete, looking up to the sky. Opening wide, he slid the blade down his throat. It disappeared slowly, passing through the pharynx, the voice box, and then the esophagus. Chen retched in sympathy, but soon recovered himself. Deep in the foliage, the crickets and rain frogs resumed their pulsating whistle.

[I love Popol Vuh: Definitive Edition trans. Tedlock—trans].

Next, the twins set fire to the schoolhouse with lit cigars. Jugular bulging, the constable howled in the moonlight. Burning papers fluttered out like hurt birds from the window. A storm lantern exploded with a fiery pop. The load-bearing joinery began to show through, lit from within, until the whole affair was reduced to blazing lacework. At last the roof caved in, followed by the walls, leaving only a spidery doorframe full of smoke. It was too much for the children, who were led away in tears.

[I love Popol Vuh: Edición Definitiva trans. Villanueva—trans].

Now it was time for the night's final act. The boy with the jaguar spots dropped to his knees. His brother lay on the ground before him, eyes rolled back, looking inward. With a swift fluid motion, the kneeling boy plunged a hand into his brother's chest, withdrew a dripping fist, and brandished it like a fishmonger advertising the day's catch. A dark rift opened, unnoticed, in the Milky Way overhead.

[I love Bō bō ěr-wū: Zuìhòu de bǎnběn
trans. 豹子 —trans].

"Rise up!" the jaguar commanded.

The bloodied youth rose to his feet and, gazing out on the crowd, slowly raised a fist in the air. The villagers leapt from their seats with a universal roar. Wobbling on his stool, Chen struggled to stand, too, as the world began to spin, counter-clockwise, around the former tea-totaler from Hóu-tcheou-fou. The last thing he remembered was somebody leading him off in the dark.

THE STRUCTURE OF A FLOWER: STIGMA

Andrea Rexilius

Pastoral etymology,
Terrain of human and nonhuman elements
Sun. The trees. I in the poem.
Sentences are not dead. Cloth.
Hinges. At the core a loam.
Resonances between books, between
branches inside a letter.
An archaeological dig to uncover origins
of the Leaf-like. Self-like mouth.
Folds of the tongue a root branching out toward the sky.
Another doubling organism. Seed pods,
as genitals. When it was mud. When it was
the trees I have seen.

THE STRUCTURE OF A FLOWER: FILAMENT

Not a mirror
Air / water / fish / bird,
a compass.

Heat and rain
of the human body.
A site of ruin.

Think genomes
doubled-over.
An abandoned

house grown
over with plants. Lists.
Alphabets.

Folded out. Transcribing.
Shadows of birds fly over.
9:35 A.M.

IO.

Tariq Shah

—and where is the pure and holy mosque now—and where are the blubbering uncles soaking their snot slick beards in holy vows—and who protects the nurse from her doctor's frivolous malpractice suits—and what dawns as her parents endure five open heart surgeries between them—and to whom do the black-clad ciotka wail—and what becomes of daughters who convert and speak wonder bread arabic and insist upon christmas trees—and who sees when grandma shah's thanksgiving fit pulls her son from his hot soup to mount and bash her shape back into dutiful invisible silence—and who is bob besides a widower plumber semi retiree—and what happens to his glasses she means to plant like a bulb along the silk road someday once the weather cooperates—and what happens after the earthquake gobbles up my thirty thousand blood relatives—and what happens when forward backward side to side demand I march in circles—and how to call glottal throat gurgled calls to prayer songs—and where go those months of fasting saved up like stacks of cash cooling in the heavenbank—and who lifted his prayer beads, his prayers—and has anyone told his first wife the cousin wife arranged without consent—and what do we do with these miscarriages—and where does his name go after leaving our lips for the last time—and what happens to the buttermilk now that no one drinks it—and what is left to return to—and what does his daughter recall of her father on eid al adha—and what sprouts up from the ring of baby teeth she interred in the soil of the house that rots where it stands—and what happens to the spectacled man I mistook for the archangel jibril when I learn he is just a janitor—and who needs ninety-nine names—and what is this doing to us all—and why has no one come—and what will return his normal color—and what comes to surahs recited by children who speak the tongue but cannot swallow it—and what won't we all fall for—and please can you spell that—and is that not his lucky undershirt worn thin as gauze across the sky—and what to call this what is this other than the afterlife—and what about the benz who drives the dead home from the optometrist—and what happens once the pipes freeze

again—and what on earth is making that smell—and will they wait while I purge this thumbtack balloon—and how can the kinks be haram how can baseball how can standing on a chair be punishment—and how did anyone get through those holidays liquor free—and when will bush return dad's checks—and I wonder what would father's father find within me—and in which direction is mecca—and one of the good ones—and is anything easier than apostasy—and what to serve up this cold hole to make it shut its trap—and how do I fold my love in a meat locker—and who is that in the corner in the cloak in my dream—and when will the coast be clear—and is he able to think now that we have all skipped town—and to what depth must I dig to hit good clay—and where do my first fifteen years belong—and how long can I keep his final breath before it spoils—and whose turn is it to mop the sink water puddles after wudu—and could I get the requirements for pakistani citizenship quick before I change my mind—and last time it's pak as in glock and stan as in swan and I like me in between—and but where did dad learn to love blazing saddles—and what melody is it in his head in the shower behind the wheel after supper—and how will he ever manage to stone all my new friends to death—and does anyone else find his smile like a scimitar—and do his friends remember him did he make them laugh did they soften him—and is he scared of that knife above—and who murmurs suicide to my brother—and how much bad news must I break—and how many debts can mom assume—and how long until we pull the plug—and what will next year's summer feel like—and are we dogs—and would you believe they can not halt the spread of the fires—and thank god we all died when we did—and what—and O how cruel is this pretty sunset.

AT THE GROUP HOME WHERE I WORK

Leigh Sugar

a woman gives a writing workshop.
She tells the children she had been abused,
too, and then we all write poems.

One girl says she does not write, but thinks
life is a kite, and when the string is cut,
by someone or something, that is death.

Transcribing, I ask, *What happens*
if it gets caught in a tree?
Then, she says, you get to walk a tightrope
to the moon.

from FAUX PAS

Paige Taggart

+++++

glibs

dibs

hips

kids

lips

rings of water

things

I can't unload this catastrophe

sorry it springs a lake

my vestibule is only for

cosmetic seething torturers

burying blue grass under

the apartment stairs

can't bear the weight of the wave

coming in through the door

can't hold a wall strong enough

to prevent this reckoning

++++++

real trouble is in the way of love
we try to comfort one another
even when our own pain
makes it hard to leave bed in the morning
if we leave the comforts of our own space
and extend to reassure others
we are learning something
of our animal selves
we are prides and packs
if I leave a scene
to bend a knee
to be a tree
I can come back stronger
more infused with the ritual of solitude
to carry through to you
I want to be of service
but I don't want to obfuscate
and sometimes my clerical vocabulary is torn

TRANSPARENT CHILD

James Tate

As for the ghost, he was never seen again. My wife and I settled into our new house. Actually it was a very old house, with a feeling of unease. Every squeak was analyzed and dissected. Nothing went unnoticed. When Julianna went to the bathroom, I thought I saw him dart from room to room, but it was only a lace curtain swaying in the wind. There were numerous mis-sightings like that. But the first one was unmistakable. Julianna and I were sitting in the living room having a nice chat about our new home when this ghost appeared in the doorway and stood staring at us for what felt like a minute. We were both shaking and speechless. It's hard to describe him, really. I guess he looked like a ghost. He didn't speak, just stared at us. And then he was gone. But it was a ghost, all right, of that I am sure. But over the next week or so we continued to unpack. There was so much to do. We met our neighbors. They brought us a cake. We went to the grocery store. We cooked dinner. We finally felt like we were settled in. So I went back to work. I came home at night and there was the paper. Then dinner and talk about how the job was going. And problems with the house, the gutters and the shudders. And when we would have children. Oh yes, that was no small thing. Julianna wanted them now, but I said we'd have to wait until we were more financially secure. She said that was an excuse that could be used forever. I said we could barely afford our new mortgage. And on and on the argument went. In fact, it went on for more than a year. Then one day she told me she was pregnant. I pretended to be happy. But as the birth grew closer my excitement grew. We made lists of names. We bought clothes and toys. We decorated

the room. And then one day we rushed to the hospital and after hours of labor the baby was born. It was a boy, but so pale it looked like a ghost. I asked the doctor what was wrong with him. The doctor said, "Nothing's wrong with him. He's just a see-through baby."

OUT OF BREATH

I sat in my office thinking: What would one do if one were me? I couldn't come up with an answer, so I thought: What would one do if one were Julia?

That wasn't much easier. What would one do if one were Paul? And so on down the line. Finally, I said, what would one do if one were Max? Oh yes, Maximillian Dupree. I would shoot myself out of this mess. I would grab a gun and start firing at anything that moved. No, I wouldn't. I would be still, quiet as a mouse, and look over my shoulder to make sure nobody else was moving. Then I'd fall asleep. When I woke up, no one was around. The office was closed. I went into my boss's office and snooped around. I couldn't find anything on me, no mention of my name anywhere. It was strange, as if I never did anything at all. It made me want to quit. I grabbed my keys and made for the door. I tried every key I had and none worked. I went back in the boss's office and searched for some keys. I found one and went back to the door. Thank God it worked. I let myself out and tried the elevator. It wasn't working, so I tried the stairs instead. It was twenty-seven floors down. When I reached the bottom I was out of breath. I got onto the street around 7:30. I sat down on the first bench I saw under an elm in the park across the street from our building. I was so out of breath. I tried to calm down. Within fifteen minutes I was myself again. Then I got up and tried to catch a bus, but they were all too crowded. So I started to walk. A car stopped and offered me a ride. The driver looked vaguely familiar. He called me by name. I looked closer. He was my son. "Jacob," I said, "I almost didn't recognize you!" "That's because I'm made up for a play. It's called *This Is Your Life*," he said. "Whose life is it?" I said. "That's the trouble, nobody knows," he said. "Oh, I see," I said. "No you don't. I told you, nobody knows," he said. "Stop the car. Let me out of this car. You're not my son. My son would never say a thing like that," I said. "Well, you're not my father. Get out of this car," he said.

THE DEAD MAN'S FRIEND

An old man was sitting on a bench outside the courthouse. When I walked by he said, "Hey, young fellow, can you spare a dime?" I reached in my pocket and the next thing you know he had toppled over. I thought maybe he was joking, but he stayed like that for a while. I walked up to him and felt his pulse. There wasn't any. I stood there for a minute, unsure of what to do next. Somebody came out of the courthouse and I told him there was a dead man on the bench. He looked at his watch and said, "I'm in a hurry." I saw a police-man standing on the corner directing traffic. I ran the half a block up to him and said, "Excuse me, Officer, but there's a man who died just down the street. Could you please come and help me?" "Can't you see I'm in charge of traffic flow at this busy intersection?" he said. I threw up my arms and ran back to stand by my man. I stood there for a few moments wringing my hands. Then I ran up the stairs to the courthouse. I stopped the first person I saw who looked like he worked there. "Could you please help me? A man has died right outside on a bench and I need someone to take him from me." "See the man in the next office," he said and walked away. I walked into the next office and the man at the desk said, "Can I help you?" I said, "Yes, there's a dead man right outside this building. Can you arrange to have him moved?" "Fill out these forms and the man in the next office will see you," he said. I took the forms and sat down outside his office. I didn't know the answers to any of the questions. What is the deceased's name? His address? His age? Nearest of kin and so on. I threw the forms in the trash and walked out of the building. I sat down on the bench next to the dead man. "No one wants you," I said. "What are we going to do?" Then, after a few minutes, standing up, I said, "Come on, old man, let's go home."

DEBBIE AND THE LUMBERJACK

I'm sorry I never said goodbye. I'm sorry I forgot your birthday. I'm sorry I ever met you. I'm sorry I bought you that drink and made you sick. I'm sorry I couldn't find the way to the hospital. I'm sorry I couldn't remember what kind of roses you liked. I'm sorry we fought over such a small thing. I'm sorry I let the lion get too close to you. I'm sorry I taught you English all wrong. I'm sorry we flew backwards in a storm. I'm sorry you never got to eat a meal with my friends. I'm sorry you fell off that elephant. I'm sorry you never learned to fly. And so many more things I can't remember or choose not to remember. It's just that I'm having trouble with the details. Was it you who swatted me like a fly when I tried to touch you one Friday night? Was that you who climbed in my window and slept beside me without a word? Was it you who made the house fall down by simply breathing on it? We left one day and never came back. We disappeared in the forest and were never seen again. Someone dragged us out of the bog. They cleaned us up and made us new again. We walked down the street as if we had always lived there. We went to parties and no one knew a thing. We woke up one morning and had our lives back. I got a job and things went swimmingly. You acted as if it had always been like this. Then a dinosaur came into our lives. We fed it and took good care of it. But it wrecked the house and we had no place to live. We dragged it around for a while. It ate so much we had to move to the forest. We had no friends and I lost my job. We thought of trying to kill the monster. Then one day it wandered off. I accused Debbie of not caring for it enough. She accused me of the same. We moped around for a while, not knowing what to do. A hunter discovered us and brought us back to civilization. I set up a little shop on 14th Street. But

Debbie wasn't happy there. She ran off with a lumberjack and hasn't been heard of since. I only hope the dinosaur is one step ahead of them. Or not.

HEARING LOSS

Brad Trumpfheller

I assume a boys voice is what unquiets the world

I matter to the lips which matter back to me /

the lions mane means the lions manly
/ the boys ring means the boys married

& in my mouth in the parking lot means I have been
a bad bad bad girl

these satellites we misdiagnose as starlight these
cars passing effortlessly / I assume every
sound I make & can't distinguish
was beautiful

even the cardinal I saw ruined
with windows was not unlike the cardinal

/ its red instant of form

/ & how as a child
kneeling in leaves I knew each animal
by voice / his legs

tense against my hands is
how I know what Ive done

& tonight I would like to leave him
speechless / I write

the dogwood their goldish proof
/ my gown its drag of vows

how again I slip on his wedding
ring & wife / myself
to its girlish shard of noise

PLANNING

Lindsay Turner

Why doesn't anyone in these poems speak for her own life
Once I couldn't wait a moment longer in Virginia
Once the sun rose red outside a hotel room in the cold New England dawn
I couldn't imagine any other way to sleep I hadn't tried
Cocooned inside one form or another

Once there was an image of a garden projected on a screen
Once there were orderly hedges and white gravel paths
The garden wasn't planned for getting lost in but that's what people did there
It was just the garden's outlines but you could still trace the paths
It's not at all like how the straight line of history (now we know)
Runs out in the depopulated suburbs where the wires run aboveground
Runs out in stripmalls, parking lots of trailers selling pills and armchairs
Runs out in a bad wealth of places for supplies for everything mechanical
or animal

Once I wasn't thinking about the running out
Once I wasn't thinking about anyone else's life or mine as such
I imagined my arm extending outside the window into the cold red morning
Held there in the cold red like a steeple while the day rushed past

Is this when the poem appears like a crime scene
Like a white outline of smoke or breath in a red New England dawn
It's not an allegory in the strictest sense because the made-up part of it is true

Why doesn't anyone here speak for their own life
Once in South Carolina there was a flood behind the storage units
Once it was believed "relief from" was a thing in store
In my life the major errors accumulate behind me as I go
Soon you will be able to read them like a poem

THE UNGULATE

Clay Ventre

I.

A stairway is not a tunnel
(per se) she said
and he said
yours are not the guts
that will grease the tracks
of any war machine
;of mine

so satisfied and smiling they
—with a claxonmouthed
clown as sherpa—
clacked-off in their steel
rhinoceroses
to the zoo
to battle with the keepers
to keep
the snow leopard cubs from growing up and out
of what they are
and into the world

II.

Ray-guns and diners
are the same thing
(per se) he said

and she said
you'd not be the one I'd humiliate
in a stadium filled with
idiot archetypes

and so no words
like wasps between them
and where once they
knee-deep in cranberries
now is a choice of excavation
every shovelful is music
or money
or sometimes neither
but never both
Nowhere was a country
and Nothing a name
worth penning

III.

Her face—
—he voyaged for it

IV.

She explained the
movement of her feet
as “walking”
and the space she moved
through as
“/”THerəpē/”

—he adjusted his understanding
of her to include the word
“exclusive”
and built a single-entry
encyclopedia for her to inhabit
she took him up on it
invited him in
and he stayed

V.

All outside
was Oslo and snow
(Per se)
inside was all a giraffe
gentle and dying

I'd kill this thing for you
she said
I kill this thing for *you*
he said

and so they were warm
in the company of that lonely
—and increasingly nervous
animal

VI.

One thousand years
passed

VII.

A story is not
a tunnel (per se)
we say
theirs are not the clothes
we emerge in
—mottled furs
from a dead innocent

one reluctant
to let the other's eyes
do all the seeing now

the other
reluctantly/tonguelessly
cedes all the talking now

¡What a pair!
(per se) we say
¿see?
winter is over

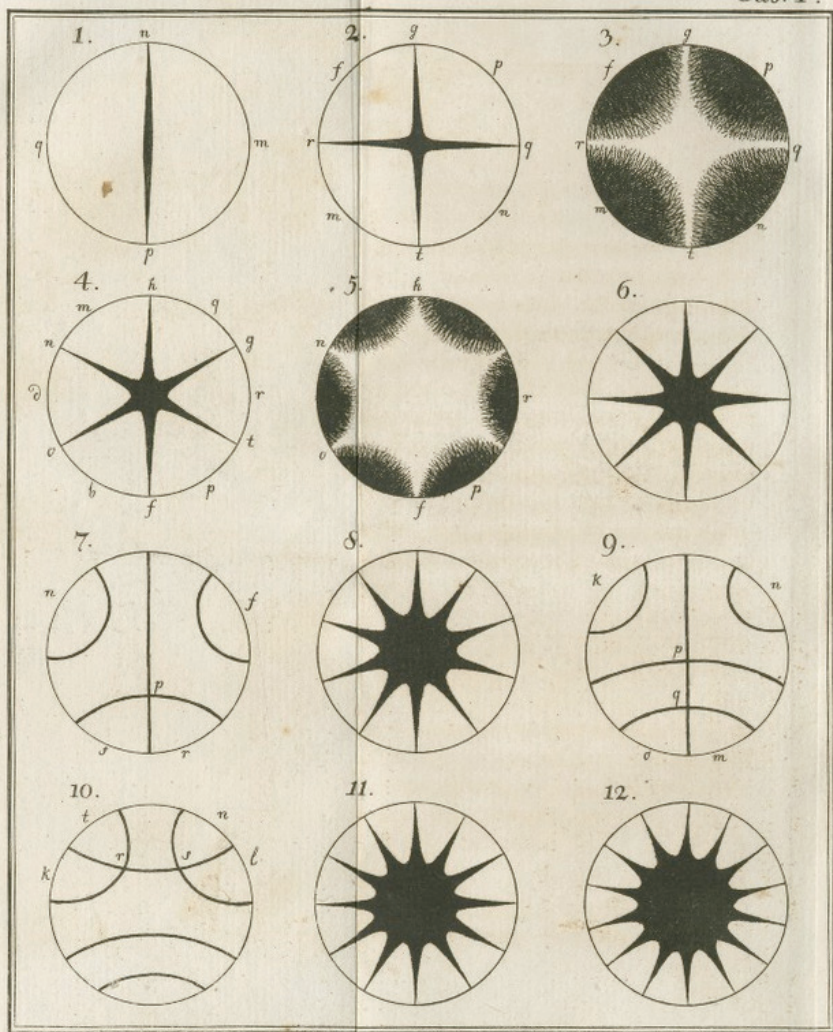
EVEN NOW, I GROW FANGS LIKE

Grey Vild

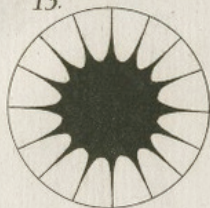
ill-fitted moonlight. The awful, ancient stories make them itch their way through callouses we won like prizes at the county fair. This one is a goldfish named Madonna. All these years later, she splashes through my gut, pelts the hard air to gold-hammered flight, a winged abundance wrings the knees dry at the thought. Suddenly, my hands are too small to hold anything but her: fated movement, faulty writhing, host of whisperings—harken forgetting. Save us some, who can never. Some monster. with your tiny gasping, your held too tight, your gills heaving song no one can hear

CHLADNI FIGURES (1787)

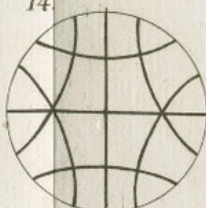
FOUR DIAGRAMS FROM GERMAN PHYSICIST AND MUSICIAN ERNST
CHLADNI'S *ENTDECKUNGEN ÜBER DIE THEORIE DES KLANGES*
(DISCOVERIES IN THE THEORY OF SOUND), IN WHICH HE DETAILS HIS
EXPERIMENTS—FOR WHICH HE IS SOMETIMES LABELLED THE “FATHER
OF ACOUSTICS”—WITH VIBRATING PLATES
AND NODAL PATTERNS.



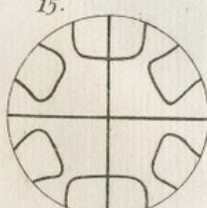
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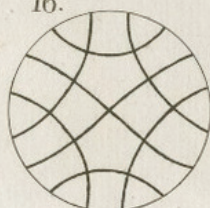
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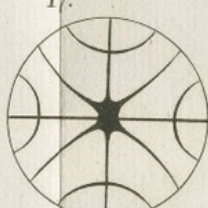
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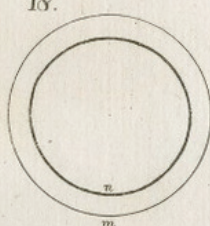
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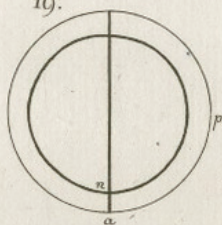
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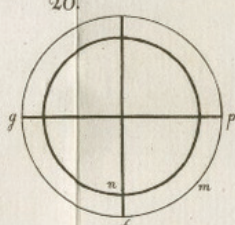
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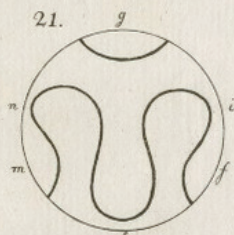
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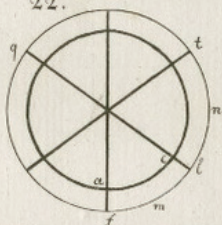
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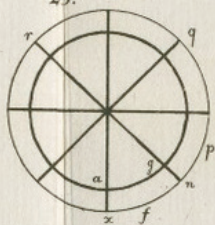
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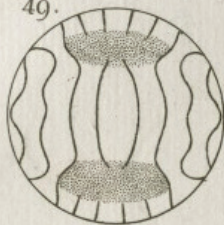
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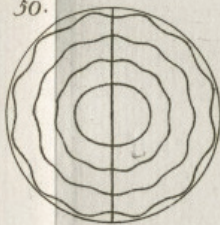
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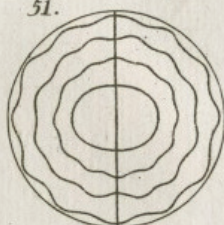
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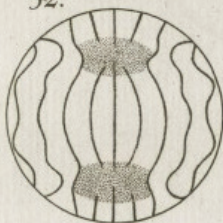
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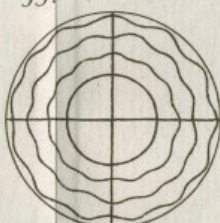
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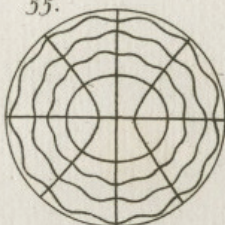
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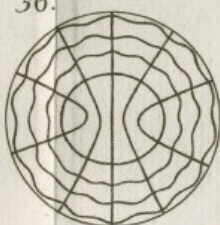
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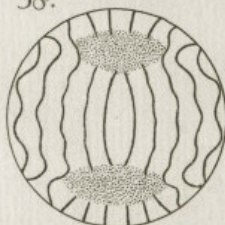
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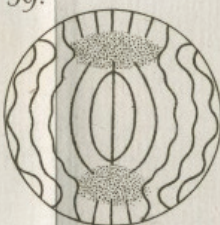
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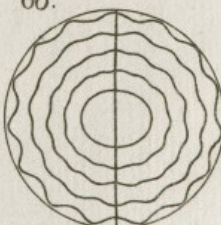
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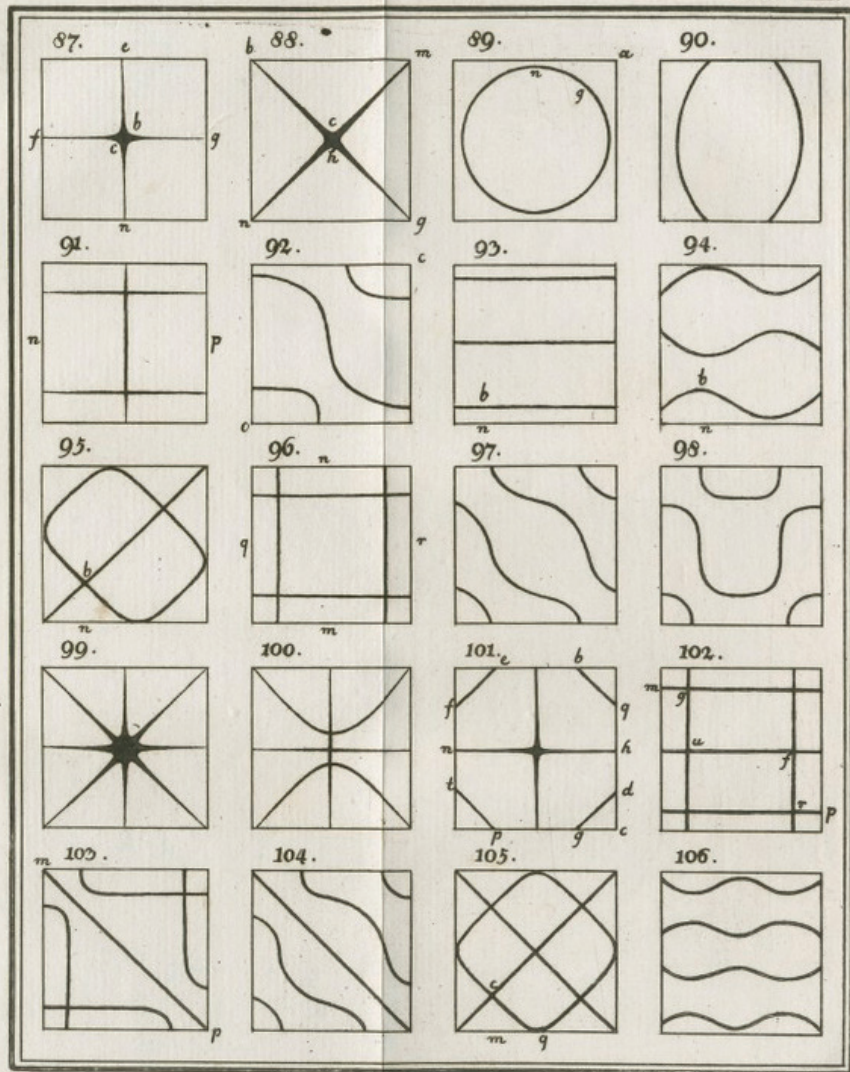


59.



60.





My Materia

Devon Walker-Figueroa

Each day she opened
with a blessing so inherited it was more
cadence than melody,
more supplication than belief she held my hand, my sister's, we a chain
our murmurations long— *a kingdom a kingdom a kingdom* become
echolalic sin and syntax refracted as the folded hands in her
favorite oil painting (hands seeming to emerge exit their frame and in
so doing shatter, merge with distance and the light that makes it
known)
I once fixed the image of her brain
(magnetic/resonant)
to my father's light
table, the one he used in crafting maps, to find the small stain inhabiting
the corner of her/the mind in which place-finding occurs in which place
cells ignite in the image of the navigable, of the at-hand
her eyes were white and large and seemed impatient as planets waiting to be
released into the preordained ellipses of orbit,
and the cortex—
its deep folds holding her ability to abide in formation,
revise the elongating now
into the now-and-again
I touched the spot no bigger than a blot of ink this
place in us that cannot know it is being touched I cried
with no restraint
at the local aquarium when
she informed me
the jellyfish I was
attempting to sketch
lacked awareness

of its motions, of the lambent bloom
beneath its clear billowing skin, its skein of tentacles unfurling toward particles it could lift
to the mouth, the mouth
high up within the selfless bell of the body,
the way it contracted
and expanded its bulb, each narrowing an acceleration, each opening a slowing down,
an invitation to be nourished
by matter unknown and unremembered
each fish became to me time-lapsed, a petal moving surfaceward
whose elegance was useless as my need to preserve it
beauty merely existence carrying on and carrying on
(the way the blood's fervor can outlast the mind's)
she uncrossed her legs, un-
laced her fingers
from her fingers in order to place
a warm palm on my head, at-
tempt to dulcify still
I made a terrible scene
so that an information assistant crossed the room, asked if everything was
alright yes yes years
later, I found my-
self in the same city as *Materia*, painting wherein all planes exist
pellucid, irradiated
by a warmth that cannot be said to be external, in which the human and the in-
human (but alive)
writhe in place, oscillate
below and within the artist's mother, who is the subject, her every line bending
as though pure luster cambering up into an open unseeing eye that, too, once found
its way into a scene fragmented and aswarm
in its own reverential to be, its own incurvate throb the day
was warm when I set off to see it, she
called me long distance, over-seas, to in- form me a girl from *home*
was found buried alive in an oil drum

mother said, sooth- said
 I would draw harm
 and she would live
 through it
 still I summon the buried
 girl in my less
 conscious hours
 her nails dark-dappled crimson, cobalt, malachite, chipped
 from clawing at the interior
 of the drum, and I am there inside the steel vessel beside her I have no need
 to breathe, no hands with which to lend service, nor voice
 and all the body wants is not to be contained but to emerge from earth, give
 breath permission to find its source again
 struggle is the only sound
 slowing till it takes the tempo of a hymn
 my mother once learned in a secret society (Job's Daughters) in which
 young girls gather
 robed in white, assemble
 their still narrow frames in the shape of a cross, and my mother
 at the point of inter-
 section, the place where one line of virgins touches another in order
 that the shape might not warp over- much, that its humming
 arms remain immalleable and outstretched, proving
 perfection, though the girls are in- capable of keeping
 the light out of their eyes—they bend
 one way, another, their loose robes shimmering as they shuffle to
 and to and fro, their frayed
 attempt at symmetry, in order that the sacred take shape, in order
 that the taken *daughters, wife, health, merciful*
maker could live in the sacrament of the mind
 a little longer (the hymn that is being
 forgotten begins Be Thou—)

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end_program_helloworld
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Andrew Zawacki

A glasstar shrieks into
starfall, its falllight
casting enriched uranium
shadows over the ruins

of a city of
lead and cement : an early-
warning satellite chitters, the end
times barely begun, no witness

protection program for any of us.
At the scrake
of dawn, its downstream surveillance, the center
has picked up some chatter :

a meadow dressed out in dogwood wrack
like a torii gate
under a white conflagration,
the bunker air humid

at naught night, at
naughty night, ashes
hachuring the library's panels—adazzle
with fractures of scandium glare

—à la Tron through the a11 tunnel
at Angers-Avrillé.

Technology

bends an elegyscape

to the shape of a sexier
mourning : marine cloud
brightening, synthetic fields
and the closure of work as

a feeling of working—
labor posing as leisure
hours, as a future unfettered by
drought. Sifting its me-

tadata at
dusk, an origami wind farm
is a boreal forest forged from fiber
-reinforced polymers,

the no-fly zone a ciné-drift of 5g
radiation smog, giving off a
vape shop vibe
in catlinite

and tweaky Agfacolor.
Executing a low-altitude figure,
its failure
profile on a whole nother

level, a predator
jet keeps dragging its skirl
from one rawky sky to another,

as the skrike
of preemptive air strikes
—Anthropo-

scenic, luster
-fucked, a body no

where to be found—
keeps peeling
the seal from the sound envelope
in a swashway

of arrack exhaust.

Transient_landscape_audio 1 :
trees stampeding, water
welter, freak-hopping voices

ecstatic with code.
The gods
have come in from the cold.

Sundown

cyber-blurs below the ozone,
anodized.

A syncline
where the horizon can no longer hold.

Appearances of Eternal Presence

W.B. Yeats wrote “Desertion of the Circus Animals” seeming to summarize something about the strange passage of years he passed through and a few of the objects and ideas he carried with him through a lifetime. At one time he’d been a big snob of a lucky man, in love with poetry, inhabiting a narrow band one educated such as he had been would likely know and if not worship, love, or at least admire; his time and his place could identify poetry’s pinnacle, its golden mean, its reward and perhaps responsibility within an agreed upon selection; and then though like others before him and after him life brought him to recognize his ruinous assumptions; the upheavals and battles called WWI (as if!) brought him non stop face to face dealing with death after death, of young men mostly, though not only----no one at the time had prepared for dealing with so many dying, thus seances were born and theosophy hoped to make a bridge between life and afterlife, between living and dying. Yeats shed some of his snobbishness and seemed to show some humility in the face of such pain, tragedy, inconsolable losses. The Circus Animals regretful penultimate ending, *players and painted stage took all my love,/And not those things they were emblems of* and then the ultimate conclusion, *I must lie down where all the ladders start,/In the foul rag-and-bone shop of the heart*, lets Yeats begin again.

—EUPHRASIE ZEOLIDE BARROIS

THE CIRCUS ANIMALS' DESERTION

I

I SOUGHT a theme and sought for it in vain,
I sought it daily for six weeks or so.
Maybe at last, being but a broken man,
I must be satisfied with my heart, although
Winter and summer till old age began
My circus animals were all on show,
Those stilted boys, that burnished chariot,
Lion and woman and the Lord knows what.

II

What can I but enumerate old themes?
First that sea-rider Oisin led by the nose
Through three enchanted islands, allegorical dreams,
Vain gaiety, vain battle, vain repose,
Themes of the embittered heart, or so it seems,
That might adorn old songs or courtly shows;
But what cared I that set him on to ride,
I, starved for the bosom of his faery bride?

And then a counter-truth filled out its play,
The Countess Cathleen was the name I gave it;
She, pity-crazed, had given her soul away,
But masterful Heaven had intervened to save it.
I thought my dear must her own soul destroy,
So did fanaticism and hate enslave it,
And this brought forth a dream and soon enough
This dream itself had all my thought and love.

And when the Fool and Blind Man stole the bread
Cuchulain fought the ungovernable sea;
Heart-mysteries there, and yet when all is said
It was the dream itself enchanted me:
Character isolated by a deed
To engross the present and dominate memory.
Players and painted stage took all my love,
And not those things that they were emblems of.

III

Those masterful images because complete
Grew in pure mind, but out of what began?
A mound of refuse or the sweepings of a street,
Old kettles, old bottles, and a broken can,
Old iron, old bones, old rags, that raving slut
Who keeps the till. Now that my ladder's gone,
I must lie down where all the ladders start,
In the foul rag-and-bone shop of the heart.

CONTRIBUTORS

CYNTHIA ARRIEU-KING is an associate professor of creative writing at Stockton University and a former Kundiman fellow. She divides her time between Philadelphia, Pennsylvania and Louisville, Kentucky. Her latest book of poems is *Futureless Languages* (Radiator Press 2018).

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ANNA MARIA HONG is author of *Age of Glass* (winner of the Cleveland State University Poetry Center's 2017 First Book Poetry Competition) and the novella, *H & G* (Sidebrow Books). Her second poetry collection, *Fablesque*, won Tupelo Press's Berkshire Prize and is forthcoming in early 2020. Hong's writings appear in publications including *The Nation*, *The Iowa Review*, *Jacketz*, *Ecotone*, *Fence*, *Poetry*, and *The Best American Poetry*. She teaches literature and creative writing at Bennington College.

VALERIE HSIUNG is a poet, performer, and sound artist. She is the author of four full-length poetry collections, the latest of which are *efg* (Action Books, 2016) and *YOU & ME FOREVER* (Action Books, 2020). Her poems can be found in or are forthcoming from *The Nation*, *The Believer*, *Chicago Review*, *PEN America*, *The Rumpus*, *Poetry Northwest*, and *Denver Quarterly*. Born and raised by Chinese-Taiwanese immigrants in southern Ohio, Hsiung divides her time now between Brooklyn and Hudson.

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JENNA LE authored *Six Rivers* (NYQ Books, 2011) and *A History of the Cetacean American Diaspora* (Indolent Books, 2018; 1st ed. pub. by Anchor & Plume Press, 2016). Her poetry appears or is forthcoming in *The Los Angeles Review*, *The Massachusetts Review*, *Michigan Quarterly Review*, and *West Branch*.

MARK LEIDNER's most recent book is the short story collection *Under the Sea* (Tyrant Books, 2018), called "virtuosic" by the New York Times. He is the author of a book of poetry *Beauty Was the Case that They Gave Me* (Factory Hollow, 2011), a book of aphorisms *The*

Angel in the Dream of Our Hangover (Sator, 2011), and several feature films. His latest film, *Empathy, Inc.* (2018), a sci-fi thriller, screened at the 2018 Austin Film Festival.

KATE LINDROOS lives in western Massachusetts. Her chapbook, *The Costume of a Hunter*, is out now from Factory Hollow Press. Recent poems appear in *Grappa Poetry*, *Josephine Quarterly*, and *Vinyl*.

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ROSAMOND PURCELL is a photographer known for her work in natural history collections and for the recreation of the seventeenth century Danish museum of Ole Worm. Her books include *Egg & Nest*, *Bookworm*,

and *Dice: Deception, Fate and Rotten Luck* with Ricky Jay. She is the author of *Owls Head: On the Nature of Lost Things*, a biography of a junkyard.

BIN RAMKE's thirteenth book, *Light Wind Light Light* is available from Omnidawn. He teaches at the University of Denver.

SRIKANTH REDDY's next book of poetry, *Underworld Lit*, will be published by Wave Books in Spring 2020. The recipient of fellowships from the NEA, Creative Capital, and the John Simon Guggenheim Foundation, he is an Associate Professor of English and Creative Writing at the University of Chicago.

ANDREA REXILIUS is the author of *Sister Urn* (Sidebrow, 2019), *New Organism: Essais* (Letter Machine, 2014), *Half of What They Carried Flew Away* (Letter Machine, 2012), and *To Be Human Is To Be A Conversation* (Rescue Press, 2011). She is core faculty in poetry, and program coordinator, for the Low-Residency Mile-High MFA in Creative Writing at Regis University, and teaches in the Poetry Collective at the Lighthouse Writers Workshop in Denver, Colorado.

TARIQ SHAH writes fiction and poetry, and was born and raised in Illinois. His work appears or is forthcoming in *No, Dear Magazine*, *Anomaly* (fka *Drunken Boat*), and other publications. He holds an MFA

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LAUREN SHAPIRO is the author of *Easy Math* (Sarabande, 2013), winner of the Kathryn A. Morton Prize and the Debut-litzer Prize for Poetry. She has translated work from Spanish, Italian, Vietnamese, and Arabic into English and is an assistant professor at Carnegie Mellon University.

LEIGH SUGAR Leigh Sugar lives in Brooklyn and holds an MFA from NYU. She is currently curating and editing an anthology of prose and poetry by artists who've taught in prison settings.

PAIGE TAGGART is the author of two full-length collections, *Or Replica* (Brooklyn Arts Press) and *Want for Lion* (Trembling Pillow Press) and 5 chapbooks, most recently *I am Writing To You From Another Country; Translations of Henri Michaux* (Greying Ghost Press). *Faux Pas* is a chapbook forthcoming with Factory Hollow Press.

JAMES TATE's *Worshipful Company of Fletchers* won the National Book Award in 1994. *Selected Poems* won the Pulitzer Prize and the William Carlos Williams Award in 1991. Poems in this issue will be in *The Government Lake*, forthcoming from Ecco/Harper Collins.

BRAD TRUMPFHELLER is a trans poet and bookseller from the South currently living around the Boston area. Their work has appeared in or is

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LINDSAY TURNER is the author of *Songs & Ballads* (Prelude, 2018) and the translator of several books of contemporary Francophone poetry and philosophy, including work by Frédéric Neyrat, Souleymane Bachir Diagne, Ryoko Sekiguchi, and Stéphane Bouquet. Starting in fall 2019, she is an Assistant Professor in the Department of English and Literary Arts at the University of Denver.

CLAY VENTRE lives in Salem, MA.

GREY VILD's work has been published in *Them*, *Fault*, *Elderly*, *Vetch*, and *Winter Tangerine*. He is an MFA candidate in poetry at Rutgers University, and is working on his first collection of poems, *The M4T Files*.

DEVON WALKER-FIGUEROA serves as co-founding editor of Horsethief Books and is a regular contributing columnist to Tin House. The recipient of the New England Review's 2018 Emerging Writer Award, her poetry has appeared in such publications as *American Poetry Review*, *Ploughshares*, *The Harvard Advocate*, *Los Angeles Review of Books*, *The Iowa Review*, *The Rumpus*, *Zyzzyva*, *Ninth Letter*, and *Lana Turner*. She teaches poetry and

literary editing at University of the Arts in Philadelphia.

ANDREW ZAWACKI's fifth poetry book, *Unsun : f/11*, is out this fall from Coach House. His latest French translation, Sébastien Smirou's *See About*, earned grants from the NEA and Centre National du Livre. He was a 2016 Howard Foundation poetry fellow.

PLACES JUBILAT LIKES TO VISIT:

Emily Dickinson Museum



PARIAN WARE SCULPTURE OF OWLS BY DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH, A DICKINSON FAMILY ACQUAINTANCE, IN THE HOMESTEAD LIBRARY. IN A LETTER FROM 1884, DICKINSON WROTE TO HIM "SUCCESS IS DUST, BUT AN AIM FOREVER TOUCHED WITH DEW."

The Emily Dickinson Museum in Amherst, MA, is best known as the place where Dickinson (1830–1886) was born and wrote nearly all of her 1,789 poems. The Museum was founded in 2003, and consists of Dickinson's house, the Homestead, and The Evergreens, home of her brother Austin and his family. Over the past decade and a half, the museum has been preserving and restoring the homes, gardens, and grounds to better reflect what they would have looked like when the Dickinsons lived there in the 19th century. This includes the restoration of the poet's bedroom, where she did much of her writing, and the reconstruction of her garden conservatory using many of the original parts that had been stored away on the grounds. In addition to the regular guided tours, visitors can now book writing sessions in the bedroom.



(ABOVE) EMILY
DICKINSON'S
BEDROOM WINDOW,
WITH COPY OF HER
WRITING DESK.

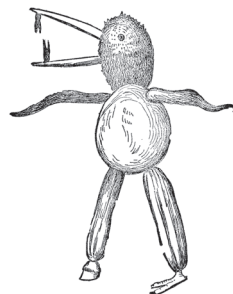
(RIGHT) A ROCKING
HORSE THAT
BELONGED TO
THOMAS GILBERT
"GIB" DICKINSON,
EMILY DICKINSON'S
NEPHEW, IN GIB'S
BEDROOM AT THE
EVERGREENS.



The Emily Dickinson Museum hosts the annual Amherst Poetry Festival each September, and poets are welcomed into her parlor on the first Thursday of every month for the Emily Dickinson poetry reading and open mic. In June, volunteers help prepare Dickinson's gardens for the summer as part of Garden Days, while the poet's birth and death days are marked, respectively, with a December celebration and a May walk from the museum grounds to her gravesite at West Cemetery.

*More information can be found at
www.EmilyDickinsonMuseum.org*

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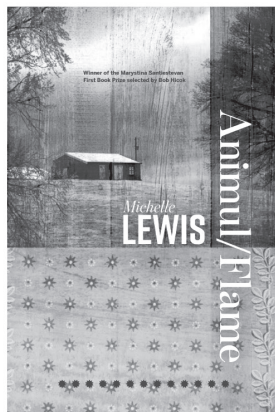
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